AUGUST , 1872.

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JOHN WANAMAKER & CO.
"In writing, please mention where you saw our advertisement."

PROPOSALS FOR MAIL STEAMSHIP SERVICE BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO, JAPAN AND CHINA.
POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 5th, 1872.
In accordance with the provisions of section 3 of the act of Congress approved June 1st, 1872, an act making appropriations for the service of the Post office Department for the year ending June 30th, eighteen hundred and seventy three," which sections are in the words and figures following—to wit:
Sec. 3. * * * And the Postmaster General is hereby authorized to contract with the lowest bidder, whether three months' pay in advance of the passage of this act, after sixty days' public notice, for a term of ten years from and after the first day of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-three, for the conveyance of an additional monthly mail on the said route, at a compensation not to exceed the rate per trip now paid under the existing contracts; and no more now paid under the limitations as prescribed by existing acts of Congress in reference to mails, and the respective contracts made in pursuance thereof; and the contractors under the provisions of this section shall be required to carry the mails, during the existence of their contracts, without additional charge, on all the steamers they may run upon said line, or any part of it as branches or extensions thereof: Provided, That all steamships hereafter accepted for said service shall be of not less than four thousand tons register each, and shall be built of iron, and with their engines and machinery shall be wholly of American construction, and shall be so constructed as to be readily adapted to the armed naval service of the United States in case of war, and before acceptance the officers by whom they are inspected shall report to the Secretary of the Navy and the Postmaster-General whether this condition has been complied with: Provided, That in all cases the officers of the ships employed in the service herein provided for shall be citizens of the United States, and that no person of foreign birth, who have accepted or taken the initial steps to become a citizen of the United States, may be employed as though they were citizens within the meaning of this section, nor shall any act or acts specified in the act of June twenty-eight, eighteen hundred and sixty four, and the acts amendatory thereof, be construed to apply to the case of war to take for the use of the United States any of the steamers of said line, and in such case such reasonable compensation thereof: Provided, That no pay shall in no case exceed the original cost of the vessel so taken, and this proviso shall extend and be applicable to the steamers of the Brazilian line hereinafter provided for.
Sec. 6. That if the contract for the increase of the mail service between San Francisco and China and Japan to a semi monthly service shall be made with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, or shall be performed in the said company's ships, or the ships of its successors in interest, the moneys payable under such contract shall be paid while the said company or its successors in interest shall maintain and run the line of steamships for the transportation of freight and passengers as aforesaid between New York and San Francisco, and the isthmus of Panama, by the said Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and no other: *Provided*, That said requirement shall in all respects apply to any party contracting for the mail service between San Francisco and China and Japan, as well as to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company."
PROPOSALS
will be received at the Post-office Department, in the City of Washington, until 3 o'clock P. M. on MONDAY the 12th day of August, 1872, for conveying the mails of the United States, by means of an additional monthly line of first-class American or foreign steamships of not less than four thousand tons register each, and of sufficient number to perform twelve round trips per annum between the port of San Francisco and the port of Hong Kong, (China), touching at Yokohama and Nagasaki (Japan), with a regular branch line running in connection with the main line between Yokohama and Shanghai, (China), for a contract term of ten years from and after the first day of October, eighteen hundred and seventy three.
Each bid should name the time proposed to be employed in performing the passages each way, including stoppages at intermediate ports; and also the length of the stoppages at each of the intermediate ports. Schedules of sailing days, stating the proposed days and hours of departure from each port, as well as the proposed days and hours of arrival, should also accompany each bid. No departures must be so arranged as to alternate at equal or regular intervals with those of the present monthly line during its continuance, forming a regular semi monthly service in connection therewith; such schedules, however, to be subject to the approval of the Postmaster General, and to adjustment or alteration by his order, from time to time, as the interests of the postal service may require.
The steamships offered for the service must be American built steamships of the first class, in all respects conforming to the requirements of the laws authorizing the service; and before the acceptance they will be subject to inspection and survey by an experienced naval constructor, to be detailed for that purpose by the Secretary of the Navy.
Proposals must conform in all particulars to the provisions and requirements of the acts of Congress approved February 17th, 1865, and February 9th, 1867, and of sections 4 and 6 of the above cited act of June 1, 1872, and must be properly guaranteed with sufficient sureties that the bidder or bidders, and their guarantors, are men of property and abundantly able to make good their tender and guarantee.
The bidder or bidders must be an American citizen or citizens.
The bidder's name and residence, and the name of each member of the firm, when a partnership offer, should be distinctly stated. If made by a corporation, the bid must be accompanied by a duly authenticated copy of the charter or articles of incorporation and a list of officers and directors.
All bids exceeding the sum of five thousand dollars must be accompanied by a certified check or draft, payable to the order of the Postmaster General, upon some solvent national bank, of not less than *five per centum* of the amount of one year's pay proposed in such bid or bids; such check or draft to be subject to all the conditions and provisions of existing laws in respect to forfeiture.
Any assignment or transfer of an ocean mail contract is expressly forbidden by law. Such assignments or transfers are null and void, and the Postmaster-General is required to determine any contract in case of its being underlet or assigned.
Proposals should be sent under seal to "The Superintendent of Foreign Mails," with the words "Mail Proposals—Japan and China route," written on the face of the address, and they should be dispatched in time to be received at this Department on or before 2 o'clock P. M. on Monday, the 12th day of August next, which will be the last day for receiving proposals under this advertisement.
JNO. A. J. CRESWELL,
Postmaster-General.

SHALER'S PATENT
PARADE TORCH,
for the CAMPAIGN OF 1872, is a striking novelty in the torch line. The burner fluid being contained in the packing, prevents all danger of dripping and soiling the clothing, and is perfectly safe in handling. By blowing through a tube in the handle
A COLUMN OF FLAME
is thrown three feet into the air, producing a beautiful and startling effect and illuminating a wide area. This torch is cheaper and handsomer than any other, and costs to burn only two or three cents per night.
Manufactured and sold by
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Political Goods
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Joseph B. Purdy,
32 and 34 Maiden Lane, New York.
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CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.
It having come to my notice that some dealers are offering for sale inferior grades of Shoes, representing them to be of my manufacture, purchasers will please notice all shoes of my make have my name stamped on the sole of each shoe. Also the *semble* of medal received at the Paris Exposition, 1867.
Exposition Universelle.
PARIS, 1867.
SILVER MEDAL AWARDED.
E. C. BURT, N. Y.
These goods are for sale by the leading retail shoe dealers in New York and throughout the country.
EDWIN C. BURT.
BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, $10.
26 West Broadway, N. Y.

EDUCATION.
COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS of the Syracuse University. Session of 1872-73. The Lecture Term will begin on the first Tuesday in October, and continue eighteen weeks. After a vacation of two weeks, the Recitation and Clinical Instruction Term begins, and continues to the last Wednesday in June. Circulars of the College may be obtained by addressing *Prof. FREDERICK HYDE*, Dean of the Faculty, Cortland, N. Y.; or Prof. JOHN VAN DUYNE, Registrar of the Faculty, Syracuse, N. Y.
SPRING VALLEY FEMALE ACADEMY.
Next term begins SEPTEMBER 9th, 1872. Only 30 miles from New York City. Location elevated and eminently healthful. Send for Catalogue. Address the Principal, Miss P. R. GERMOND, Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.

TRAVEL.
PACIFIC MAIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S LINE TO
CALIFORNIA, JAPAN, AND CHINA,
VIA PANAMA.
CARRYING MAILS, PASSENGERS, AND FREIGHT TO
ASPINWALL, PANAMA, AND PACIFIC COAST OF MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, PERU, & CHILI
On 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.
One of the large and splendid Steamships of this line will leave PIER 42 NORTH RIVER, foot of Canal street, at 12 o'clock noon, as above (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding Saturday), for ASPINWALL, connecting at Panama Railway with one of the Company's Steamships from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACAPULCO and other ports; also connecting at Panama with Steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC and CENTRAL AMERICAN PORTS.
One Hundred Pounds Baggage allowed each adult. Baggage-masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads, and passengers who prefer to send them down early. An experienced surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
For freight, passage-tickets, or further information apply at the Company's ticket-office, on the wharf, foot of Canal street, North River, New York.
F. R. BABY, Agent.

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NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.
1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
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3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The Independent

THE OLD ROOM.
BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

An old, old-fashioned room, none else could call it fair,
In the corner of a dim old house, at top of a rusty stair.
In palaces I wander. Amid their glories rare
My heart goes back to that old room and tiny rocking-chair.
The world doth hold my life within its roaring loom.
The only life I ever loved I lived in that old room.
There I watched the summers ripen, the royal rose-hearts fill,
And perfect, perfect mornings flushing red above the hill.
There I counted every minute of swift, homeflying cars,
While I waited by the window, beneath the flaming stars.
There I sat with my beloved! All the wide world's rush and shout,
All the turmoil of its battles, never found the old room out.
What kingdoms rose and fell—their glory or their gloom
Touched not, reached not the wedded hearts who loved in the old room.
There I lived my life, and lost it—all a woman's woe and pride!
In that old room was baby born; in the old room baby died.
No human word may measure it—the joy that cannot last,
The Book of Heaven and the old room hold fast that sacred past.
I cannot tell you how it is; and yet, whate'er betide,
The very thought of that old room is more than all beside.
Other eyes now watch the roses climbing up the summer air,
And other footfalls echo along the dim old stair;
Yet oft, as sunset splendors light up these ancient walls,
And the clear, sweet notes of music across the water calls,
I shut my eyes and listen, and again I breathe the bloom
And stand amid my treasures in the hush of the old room.

HOW TO SEE NIAGARA.
BY BISHOP SIMEON HAVEN.

Two points are of prime importance to a traveler—what to see, and how to see it. The best raw material is often spoiled by miserable cooking. I have seen good flour worked up into such horrible bread, and nice steaks as wickedly fried, almost, as if they had been of human flesh and fried at a stake themselves. They should never be fried at all. That is the abomination of the culinary art. I am now drinking from the approach of meal-time with every nerve of the palate, though drawn to it with every nerve of the stomach, simply because such coffee and meats await me. How much Prof. Blot is needed yet in kitchens of the East and West, and North and South. It is a great deal harder to follow the first part of Mrs. Glass's recipe than the last part—to catch the hare, than to cook it. Any skillful shot or unskillful trappist can do the former; only a trained talent the latter. The palate should control the digestive organs. God made all food that is nutritious edible. It was eating, not digestion, that was given to man, before his fall, as his chief delight. The gift was retained, and only his perverted nature corrupted that, as it did all the deeper sources of his being. Christianity should recover this lost art of Eden, and make itself everywhere felt as the restorer of the pleasant unity between the food that God and that which man prepares. All His food is admirably fitted to our needs; how nice it is to our taste. How orange, peach, and plum, pear, apple, banana, melt on lips in sweetest unity, ere they enter the tasteless vitals of the system. Not man's confectionery equals his Maker's. Nature is a perfect cook. When shall woman's rights be equally perfected? They are arranging the tables in this cabin for meals, and so this digression is in logical sequence, as far as this time and place are concerned.

As we must cook well good material for cooking, so we must see well good material for seeing. Many a fine object of observation is lost for fine treatment of it by the observer. The guides abroad understand this when they lead you blind ways, and sometimes blind the eyes, until they can debouch you on the right spot, when, presto! look and wonder! Niagara is our most abused object, because it is our biggest object. It is by far the grandest spectacle we have ever seen, and only the Yo-Semite, Mammoth Cave, and Yellowstone wonders are offered as unseen spectacles as its inferior; and these, I fancy, are submitted simply because I have not yet seen them. Alpine gorges and peaks are greatly grand, and storms also. Vesuvius's crest and crater, St. Peter's pillars and dome; but none of them reach the height of Niagara. This is force. And force today rules the world of science, and has always ruled the world of imagination. Force in exercise the Yo-Semite does not exhibit, nor any cave or summit or ravine. The ocean does, in its stormy mood; and some of these moods may surpass Niagara in display of this quality. Yet it is doubtful; for a single leap of this awful stream is more powerful than any tossings of the wildest seas.

And yet people say they are disappointed in Niagara. "Prepare yourself for disappointment," I hear a mother tell her daughter, as the roar drew near. This is, first of all and chiefest of all, because most travelers approach it from the American side. They get out at a depot, one of the prettiest and most comfortable, but not suggesting Niagara as much as it does Saratoga. They cross the street to the chief hotels, not one of which conveys an impression of the cause which has erected them. They look out on a smooth country. There is a muttered roar, but no sight. The rear of some of the hotels gives distant glimpses of the Canada Falls and a near view of the tame rapids of the American Falls. To perfect this lack of fitness, a suspension bridge is erected to lift you above the Fall as you cross over (if you are even sensible enough to cross over at all), and to prevent you getting any true taste of it in the very best place for your first observation. If the hotel owners or the Goat Island owners would erect a hotel just at the descent to the Tower, or opposite the islands called "The Sisters," and put its verandah across that front, there would never be heard again the words "I was disappointed in Niagara."

That they will not do. Either the proprietors of the Island, or the owners of the hotels, or something prevents the erection of the best located house possible in America, amid grand woods and in the presence of grander waters. The States being so deficient in enterprise, cross over to Canada, where Nature takes away the need of enterprise, fortunately for us; for, had she required it, she could not have got it. Here is the only hotel that, so far as location goes, is fit to stop at. But here, too, it is well to stand on the order of your going, for in that order is your first impression, on which so much justly depends. If you get into the Clifton House omnibus, you lose this right beginning; so give your trunk to the porter, if trunk you foolishly have, but, if you are wisely equipped with a light valise, take that in your hand, saving your fifty cents for the hackman, whom you will yet be requesting, *a la* Longfellow, to take thrice his fee for the service he has done you. Go to the tunnel, and get into the rail car, which is made without front barrier, so as to encourage your bewildered sense to topple down headlong. But hold on in spite of the cars and the crazy desire. Climb over the rocks at the bottom, and get into the boat. Don't look up yet. You are too near the bank; wait a bit. The boatman pushes out into the stream, so green, so calm, so deceptive, like the swiftest saw, motionless from its very motion. He turns the prow of his boat upward. Now look up! How this plunge drives down on you! The whole American Fall is leaping straight upon your head. The great sheet—blue behind and silver before, all dark and all light—how it wheels over that lofty line, two hundred feet above you. How the roar rings awful about you, and the foam and spray leaps at your very feet. The tiny tossing boat on this vast maelstrom increases your terror and its sublimity. You are not disappointed in Niagara.

The boat pushes further into the stream. The great Canadian Fall sweeps into view. Its green perfection of swiftness, smoothness, and radiance, the loveliest tint on the face of Nature, strikes your terrified and delighted eye. Its mighty volume, to which the American is but a mill-race, rolls down before you in a majesty indescribable. You are in the midst of the great waters. The God of glory thundereth! All about you are the shinings, not hidings, of his power. All that western and northern and northeastern side is a flood. Your little boat tosses on the current that bubbles and curls in its green writhings. As you approach the shore, you see a pond of foam of a dirty white, the base conclusion of the wringings out to which the waters have been subjected. It is the suds of Niagara's wash. A nice young lady in our boat lamented this unromantic termination of the awe-inspiring spectacle. Yet it was not so inappropriate. It showed that Nature kept her kitchen near her parlor; that she was a good housekeeper; that there was a sort of motherly familiarity amid all these grand displays; and, not the least, for the benefit of that lady and all the rest of us, it taught that out of the purest souls the strong strain of powerful and painful trials can bring forth some corruptible matter, which, floating away, leaves the current of our lives the purer for the chastisings.

Climb the hill on the opposite shore. You can ride, if you are no tourist, and do not desire health; if you do, walk very slow, so as not to get tired, and so as to often turn and drink in gradually and completely the whole scene. At the top of the bluff you find the Clifton House. Get a room looking to the north, if possible, though either verandah commands the Falls. Here you can sit and hear and see and feel, in the ever-shaking soil, the spectacle. You are too distant for the best possible view, though it is as near almost as the spray allows a hotel to be built. Other buildings are close to the verge.

Now for your first near view. Walk; don't ride, I beg you. It is not a half mile. Walk along the crest of the cliff to the former Table-rock. Stand here and look at the Horse Shoe, in all its glory. The morning I saw it last it was unusually glorious. The mist rose in a column that bore straight down the river, the wind driving strong from the the north, and left the whole face of great Fall without a dimming veil. The sun smote it with his rays, and it glowed like a green robe of fire. No artist catches the plunge. Church is as tame as a barn-door by the side of the reality. A few daguerreans have caught the leap; but they give no hint of the color. Such force and such loveliness, where else are they seen in like or approximate perfection? This calm, sunny summer morning, on this safe shore, you are beholding a lashed and leaping ocean, lashed above in those long, white, tossing, tormented rapids, leaping here in this marvelous flight into the abyss; smooth over the edge, no whiteness, no broken bubble, no possible atom independent of its fellows, as is the case all over the American Fall, but held in the hands of absolute imperialism. Smooth as oil it glides down, down, down; the robes of Nature putting to shame all attempts of man to imitate it in luster, smoothness, color, or effect. Walk up the side of the rapid. Still walk, even if you are a weak woman—as all American women are on their legs, which articles they have even prudishly and immodestly changed to limbs, as if they had no further use for them in their original intent, and were ashamed to own that Nature had thus improperly framed them. How much better and healthier and more commensensical their English cousins! Walk up the bank, studying the rapids. Go to the old mill, a short mile above, which dilapidated ruin is an eloquent plea for annexation; enter a little gate on the grounds of a gentleman just beyond, and walk on paths he has made around these swift-flowing rivers. If you can cross this bridge among the islands, do so. Only the Iser rolling rapidly in the English Garden at Munich approaches this in exciting beauty; and that does not surpass it. Take a carriage back, if you are a lady and have taken all the constitutional you can bear, because you have not any constitutional at all for so long a time before; but walk, if possible. Get out, if you ride, at the Table-rock, and descend that staircase. Don't put on robes unless the spray drives in on the shore. Take a little waiting, if a true Yankee or Yankee-ess, being dressed so that no silk hat or feathers are to be spoiled if a drop or two or ten fall on you. Get under this rock, sure. You need not go out on that slippery plank, projecting out into the abyss. You must dress on purpose for that, and may go, if you wish, once; though two of us slipped out there in our regular rigs without a very bad ducking. But stand under this cliff; peer under that sheet; drink in this awful roar and swiftness and splendor and terror. Fear not, you are in no danger. You can sit on dry rocks and fill and overflow body, soul, and spirit with the grandeur of the scene. The view in the boat, on the cliff above, here, and in the Tower are the four perfect points of view. Make them often your own.

You have "done" the Canada side, so far as getting the right spots for doing it. Museums, curiosities, rides are all superfluities, to be accepted or rejected without harm to the main question, How to see Niagara. Giving you a week to digest and inwardly consider this side of the Falls, we will tell you next Thursday how to complete the grand round and see the whole of Niagara.

THE SECRET OF POWER.
BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

A few weeks ago I attended (and for several days) the noonday prayer-meeting in the very heart of busy London. It was full in numbers, and full of earnest fervor too. The meeting had more than doubled in its attendance and had got a new infusion of life simply by the arrival of an energetic worker from this side of the Atlantic. He had started the meeting several years ago, during a visit from Chicago to London. On returning to London this season, he found the meeting somewhat languishing; and he forthwith set on foot measures to revive it. He put his whole soul into it, and breathed the breath of spiritual life into it afresh.

That man is not a genius. He has no scholastic culture. For many years he sold boots and shoes in Chicago. His power lies in his simple-hearted devotion to Christ. "This *one thing* he does." He saturates his mind with the Word of God, he seeks the baptism of the Holy Spirit; and then he throws himself into the work of doing good, seizing the first opportunities that offer and laboring with those whom God puts in his way. At two of those prayer-meetings I met Henry Varley, the "London Butcher," a man who once kept his butcher's stall during the week, and preached Jesus Christ to the masses on the Sabbath. His work so grew upon him that he has laid aside his cleaver and his butcher's frock, and devotes his whole time to preaching the Gospel among London's one million of ignorant poor. Varley is not a genius, either. He has no diploma from Eaton or Oxford. Yet hundreds of scholarly graduates from the old universities fall far behind the converted butcher in successful winning of souls to Christ. His power lies in his common sense, his fervid zeal, and his prodigious earnestness to *save souls*.

And what is true of D. L. Moody and of Henry Varley is also true of that remarkable "man of faith," *George Müller*, who has gathered nearly two thousand children into his orphan-houses at Ashley Down (near Bristol). I went one hundred miles to see George Müller, and reached Bristol just as his evening prayer-meeting was closing in "Bethesda Chapel." The audience were retiring. I went in by a back-door, and saw Mr. Müller standing behind the pulpit and talking with a poor boy. The lad seemed to be telling his story to the great, simple-hearted philanthropist; and as the good man listened he took down a memorandum on a card. I stood and looked at the beautiful tableau for some time—Müller and the poor boy laying their heads and hearts together. The countenance of Müller is benevolence itself. He is not a man of brilliant powers; he has some "crotchets," and does not believe in denominational systems and usages. But he has a tremendous *faith in God*, and in saving men by the power of *love*. His faith, too, works in common-sense methods. He is a capital manager and the very furthest possible from the mere enthusiast. Those headlong visionaries who have tried to imitate him, without his sagacity and devout waiting on God, have failed most wretchedly.

We might go on and multiply the cases of men and women like these, and like Harlan Page, and Sarah Martin, and Carvosso, and Elizabeth Fry, and Father Mathew, the temperance apostle. Theirs was heart-power. They loved God and their fellow-creatures. They loved the Divine Jesus, and humbly sought to imitate him by "going about doing good." Their vocation was not to write treatises, or to utter profound or novel theories. Their only talent was the talent for doing good; their only gift was the gift of the Holy Spirit, which taught them what to do and how to do it.

Now there is a blessed encouragement in studying the lives and usefulness of such persons. For the great mass of Christian people are not geniuses. Men and women of great intellect and profound culture are the small minority. If the world must wait to be saved by them alone, then it is doomed to perish. But there are good people enough in this wicked world to-day to *revolutionize it*, if they would only *consecrate* what they have and what they are to Jesus Christ, as the Pages and Müllers and Sarah Martins have done. If each individual Christian would only try to imitate Christ, the millennial era would dawn, and the "apostolic church" would be once more realized.

The great truth to be taught nowadays is that every member of Christ's flock is called to Christ's service, in some way or method. The humblest have a share in the work, and may have a share in the glory at the final day of coronation. That individual church in which the "rank and file" are all seeking the Spirit and living lives of personal consecration to Christ is more likely to be a powerful church than if it had a Whitfield or a Chalmers for its pastor. The need of the hour is not for more geniuses and scholars in the pulpit, but for more personal piety and consecration among the masses of God's people.

There is, prodigious power in single-hearted love of Christ, and honest determination to do all the good that we can to a fellow-sinner. The *secret of power* is in *Christ dwelling in us*. It requires no genius, or erudition, or social rank to possess this blessed gift. A man of very moderate talents becomes a leading man in the church or in society as soon as Christ gets complete hold of him. I can point to more than one plain, modest, moderately-endowed Christian who has attained to a great *propelling* power in the community simply from the momentum of his godliness. He follows Christ so steadily and so zealously that he carries others with him by his sheer momentum. Great as is the result of what he aims to do, he does still more by his *unconscious influence*. His face shines from intercourse with God, though, like Moses, he may be in happy ignorance of its shining.

This is the power we need in our churches. Happy is that church that hath it in the fullest measure! Blessed be that pastor who can do the most to promote it!

THE CHOICE BETWEEN THE CANDIDATES.
BY LEONARD BACON, LL.D.

While the individual citizen, inquiring how he shall vote in the pending election, finds himself shut up to the choice between two parties, he finds also that the question between the two candidates must not be evaded. The fitness of the candidate nominated by a party in its national convention is always an important consideration in deciding whether to vote with this party or with that—though it may be only a subordinate consideration. If I am convinced that one of the parties, while including thousands of honest and patriotic men, is helplessly controlled by cunning and knavish politicians, and that its success will be disastrous to the nation, then I am bound in conscience to vote against it—though its candidate be as gentlemanly as Horatio Seymour, as upright and honorable as Gen. McLellan, and as much of a philosopher as Benjamin Franklin. But if the candidate of such a party, nominated for the very purpose of catching such votes as mine, is personally unfit for the office, so much the more am I bound to vote against him.

We are to choose between Ulysses S. Grant and Horace Greeley—which of the two we will have for President of the United States for the four years ending March 4, 1877. Forgetting the two parties for a moment, we find that we have to do with a purely personal question. The opposition to the re-election of President Grant seems to be prompted chiefly by enmity to the man. Remembering from long ago the opposition of the Whigs to Jackson and how much was said about his deeds and his bar-room fights; remembering from an earlier date how bitter the Federalists were against Madison, and (still further back) how they charged Jefferson with French infidelity and told disgraceful stories about his relations with "dusky Sally," I cannot forget that in those times the personalities were only incidental to successive conflicts about momentous questions of public policy—such as the United States Bank, the War with Great Britain, the Embargo, the gunboats that were to supersede the navy. But never have I seen the opposition to a President so unscrupulous—not to say exclusively—personal as now. "Anything to beat Grant" is the bond of union between the editor of the *Sun* and the late editor of the *Tribune*, between ex-Governor Fenton and ex-Mayor Wood; between Senator Sumner and Senator Blair; between the most scholarly of Revenue Reformers, such as David A. Wells, and the most absurd of Protectionists, maintaining that Great Britain has been ruined by the repeal of the corn laws and the pernicious theories of Richard Cobden. The misery of a common hatred, like other misery, "makes strange bed-fellows."

The personal unfitness of President Grant—if an occasional reader may infer anything from what he sees in the New York *World*, the New York *Tribune*, and other Democratic newspapers—is the main argument of the party which invites me to vote against him. At the same time, that party proposes as its candidate a man whose personal qualities are the only respectable excuse which it can offer for its attempt to make him President. Every citizen, therefore, who has not made himself a slave to some party is summoned to a comparison between those two candidates as to their qualifications for the chief executive office in the Government of the United States.

The comparison, let us remember, is not between Gen. Grant and our *ideal* of a President; nor between him and Gen. Washington; nor between him and some living statesman of higher culture and larger experience; but only between him and Mr. Horace Greeley. One of these two men is to be inaugurated President on the 4th of March next; and the question is not whether both are fit or both unfit for that high office; nor whether somebody else, much better than either of them, might have been nominated; but only which of these two is more capable than the other and more worthy of confidence—or, if you please, which of the two is more incapable or less to be relied on than the other. The Democratic journals and orators generally, not excepting those who call themselves "Liberal" Republicans, understand what the question is. They seem to be aware and often they acknowledge that their candidate's fitness for the office is not what they could desire. What they are attempting is, to make the people believe that "the honest farmer of Chappaqua" is not so unfit to administer the Government as the conqueror of the Rebellion has been shown to be.

To determine how much or how little there is of truth in all the stories which personal malignity or partisan unscrupulousness continually repeats against the President would require more time and space that I can command. I see those stories denied and apparently refuted, and yet repeated, as if there had been no denial of them; and, while I have no doubt that the President has done some things unwisely, especially in the matter of appointments to office, I have as little doubt that he has been atrociously misrepresented. For example, when I find that under the charge of "nepotism," so constantly urged, the first specification, being analyzed, is nothing more than that General Grant, after becoming President, did not turn his old father out of a petty post-office in Ohio, what shall I infer? If this is the first specification, what is the *animus* of the charge? Nor is it necessary or possible for me, in my position, to investigate charges which, having been preferred on one side, are contradicted on the other. If Senator Sumner tells a story of insults put upon "Hon. Frederick Douglass" by the President, am I bound to believe the story when Mr. Douglass himself denies it? With me Senator Conkling's statements and opinions about the President, or those of the late Attorney-General (Judge Hoar), are as authoritative as those of Senator Schurz or of Mr. Buchanan's Attorney-General, Jeremiah Black. Governor Buckingham's confidence in General Grant is quite as weighty with me as Mr. Charles A. Dana's hatred of him. So I am compelled to rest in the conclusion that, whatever may be the personal faults or foibles of the President, and whatever mistakes he may have made in his appointments and in other acts of his administration, he is not so thoroughly vulgar in manners and debased in morals as he is represented to be, nor so incapable of performing the duties of his office, nor so regardless of the Constitution which he has sworn to defend and the laws which he is to execute. He is not so bad a man nor so bad an officer that all good citizens ought to unite on the platform of "anything to beat Grant."

Doubtless General Grant is a notorious smoker. I am sorry for that; but how many Presidents have there been who were not addicted to the same use of the vile weed, tobacco? And must we, therefore, take *anybody* else that we can get in his place—a man, perhaps, who is equally notorious for profane language, and who clothes himself with cursing as with a garment? He is said to have a passion for good horses. I have known very good men who had something of the same passion—for example, my famed and honored predecessor in the pastoral office, Dr. N. W. Taylor, who could have "talked horse" by the hour with the author of the Book of Job or with any general that ever rode to battle. Gen. Grant is said to be a great quarreler. But I remember that there are always two parties in a quarrel, of whom the one who makes the quarrel is most likely to charge the other with being quarrelsome; and I cannot find that the General, though "a dreadfully obstinate man," has ever quarreled with his wife, or that his family is other than a happy one. Therefore, I demand evidence, positive and ample, that an opposing candidate, whoever he may be, is conspicuous for modest meekness and has never quarreled with anybody. A great point with the opposition is that the President makes no speeches. They seem not to know that the people like him for that, preferring men of deeds to men of words, and being a little weary of the whole race of talking politicians. Has he been called by Mr. Sumner "a Colossus of ignorance"? Let us be thankful that he is not a Colossus of self-conceit.

Convinced, then, that Gen. Grant, whatever may be said against him, is *not* the worst of all possible Presidents, and that to defeat him, no matter who may come in his place, is *not* the one great duty of the hour, I ask calmly whether the candidate of the Baltimore Convention is, on the whole, more competent and fit than our present Chief Magistrate to be the head of our National Government.

The name of Ulysses S. Grant is honored throughout the civilized world. In the military history of the nineteenth century, thus far, how many great commanders are there whose fame is wider than his or more likely to endure? Bonaparte and Wellington fill the first half of the century with their splendor; two names only in this last half of the century have gained a similar renown. Of military men now living only one, Von Moltke, is in the world's eye the peer of Grant. In making him President, the Republic, attesting its gratitude, honored itself more than it honored him. We have no lack of great names in our history—poets, historians, artists, inventors, men of science, men of affairs, commanders by land and by sea; but, after Washington, Lincoln, and perhaps Franklin, the most widely renowned of Americans is Grant.

Mr. Sumner has noted the fact that before the war the man who is now so distinguished went with the Democratic party, and even voted for Buchanan. The complement of that fact is that, after the war, when the Democratic party was looking for a candidate, and with his name might have gained possession of the Government, he chose rather to be nominated by the Republican party. Had he continued to be in all other respects just what he was when he voted for Buchanan, in 1856, and perhaps for Douglass, in 1860, we may presume that he would have retained his sympathy with his party, and would have given to it the prestige of his name, in the expectation of restoring it to power. But the war had changed him in his party sympathies, probably because it had made him in some other particulars a different man. The Mr. Grant who, after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, hastened from Galena to Springfield, that he might offer himself for any service in which the governor of Illinois might choose to employ him, began very soon to show what was in him, and probably began, about the same time, to be conscious of his own capabilities. Great crises make great men, not only by giving them opportunity and calling them out of obscurity, but by inspiring and molding them; and this is what "the great American conflict" seems to have done for Gen. Grant. A generous sympathy with the grandeur and righteousness of the cause to which he devoted himself seems to have done for him what we know it did for many another man, lifting him up to a higher range of thought and aspiration, giving him broader and more sagacious views, inflaming him with a noble patriotism, and training him to self-denial and self-sacr

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SILENCE AND SONG.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Without a sound the river flows
In channels wide and strong;
But when, at last, the rocks oppose,
It plashes out its song.

Without a sound the tree remains
Amid the silent air;
But when the wind its branches strains
It rustles everywhere.

Without a sound the nightingale
Sits all the sunny day;
But when the twilight sky is pale
She sings her heart away.

Be silent, O, thou peaceful one,
Whose soul is full of ease!
But, when the struggle is begun,
Thou, too, shalt sing like these.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER DAY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"What shall we do about Rose? We have tried Saratoga, and that failed to cheer her up; we tried the sea-shore, and that failed; now we have tried the mountains, and they are going to fail, like the rest. See if your woman's wit can't devise something to help the child, Milly."

"Time and tenderness will work the cure; and she will be all the better for this experience, I hope."

"So do I. But I don't pretend to understand these nervous ailments; so, if air, exercise, and change of scene don't cure the vapors, I give it up. Girls didn't have such worries in my day."

And the old gentleman shook his head, as if modern ills perplexed him very much.

But Milly smiled the slow, wise smile of one who had learned much from experience—among other things, the wisdom of leaving certain troubles to cure themselves.

"Has the child expressed a wish for anything? If so, out with it, and she shall be gratified, if it can be done," began Uncle Ben, after a moment of silence, as they sat watching the moonlight, that glorified the summer night.

"The last wish is one that we can easily gratify, if you don't mind the fatigue. The restless spirit that possesses her keeps suggesting new things. Much exercise does her good, and is an excellent way to work off this unrest. She likes to tire herself out; for then she sleeps, poor dear."

"Well, well, what does the poor dear want to do?" asked Uncle Ben, quickly.

"She said to-day that, instead of going off on excursions, as we have been doing, that she would like to stroll away some pleasant morning, and follow the road wherever it led, finding and enjoying any little adventures that might come along—as Richter's heroes do."

"Yes, I see: white butterflies, morning-red, disguised counts, philosophic plowmen, and all the rest of the romantic rubbish. Bless the child, does she expect to find things of that sort anywhere out of a German novel?"

"Plenty of butterflies and morning-glories, Uncle, and a girl's imagination will supply the romance. Perhaps we can get up some little surprise to add flavor to our day's adventures," said Milly, who rather favored the plan, for much romance still lay hidden in that quiet heart of hers."

"Where shall we go? What shall we do? I don't know how this sort of thing is managed."

"Do nothing but follow us. Let her choose her road; and we will merely see that she has food and rest, protection, and as much pleasure as we can make for her out of such simple materials. Having her own way will gratify her, and a day in the open air do her good. Shall we try it, sir?"

"With all my heart, if the fancy lasts till morning. I'll have some lunch put up, and order Jim to dawdle after us with the wagon full of waterproofs, and so on, in case we break down. I rather like the idea, now I fairly take it in." And Uncle Ben quite beamed with interest and goodwill; for a kinder hearted man never breathed, and, in spite of his fifty years, he was as fond of adventures as any boy.

"Then, as we must be up and away very early, I'll say good-night, sir," and Milly rose to go, looking well satisfied with the success of her suggestion.

"Good-night, my dear," and Uncle Ben rose also, flung away his cigar, and offered his hand with the old-fashioned courtesy which he always showed his niece's friend; for Milly only called him Uncle to please him.

"You are sure this wild whim won't be too much for *you*? You are such a self-sacrificing soul, I'm afraid my girl will wear you out," he said, looking down at her with a fatherly expression, very becoming to his comely countenance.

"Not a bit, sir. I like it, and would gladly do anything to please and help Rose. I'm very fond of her, and love to pet and care for her. I'm so alone in the world I cling to my few friends, and feel as if I couldn't do enough for them."

Something in Milly's face made Uncle Ben hold her hand close in both of his a moment, and look as if he was going to stoop and kiss her. But he seemed to think better of it; for he only shook the soft hand warmly, and said, in his hearty tone:

"I don't know what we should do without you, my dear. You are one of the women born to help and comfort others, and ask no reward but love."

As the first streaks of dawn touched the eastern sky three faces appeared at three different windows of the great hotel. One was a masculine face, a ruddy, benevolent countenance, with kind eyes, grayish hair cheerfully erect upon the head, and a smile on the lips, that softly whistled the old air of

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning."

The second was one of those serene, sweet faces, possessing an attraction more subtle than beauty; eyes always full of silent sympathy, a little wistful sometimes, but never sad, and an expression of peace and patience that told of battles fought and victories won. A happy, helpful soul shone from that face and made it lovely, though its first bloom was past and a solitary future lay before it.

The third was rich in the charms that youth and health lend any countenance. But, in spite of the bloom on the rounded cheeks, the freshness of the lips, and the soft beauty of the eyes, the face that looked out from the bonny brown hair, blowing in the wind, was not a happy one. Discontent, unrest, and a secret hunger seemed to sadden and sharpen all its outlines, making it pathetic to those who could read the language of an unsatisfied heart.

Poor little Rose was waiting, as all women must wait, for the good gift that brightens life; and while she waited patience and passion were having a hard fight in the proud silence of her heart.

"It will be a capital day, girls," called Uncle Ben, in his cheery voice.

"I thought it would be," answered Milly, nodding back, with a smile.

"I know it will pour before night," added Rose, who saw everything just then through blue spectacles.

"Breakfast is ready for us. Come on, girls, or you'll miss your morning-red," called Uncle Ben, retiring, with a laugh.

"I lost mine six months ago," sighed Rose, as she listlessly gathered up the brown curls, that were once her pride.

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sing," sounded from Milly's room, in her blithe voice.

"Tiresome little bird. Why don't he stay in his nest and cheer his mate," muttered Rose, refusing to be cheered.

"Now lead on, my dear, we'll follow till we drop," said Uncle Ben, stoutly, as they stood on the piazza, half an hour later, with no one but a sleepy waiter to watch and wonder at the early start.

"I have always wondered where that lonely road went to, and now I shall find out," answered Rose, with an imperious little gesture, as she led the way. The others followed so slowly that she felt alone, and enjoyed it, in spite of herself.

It was the most eloquent hour of the day, for all was beautiful, all was fresh; nothing was out of order, nothing disturbed eye or ear, and the world seemed to welcome her with its morning face. The road wound between forests full of the green gloom no artist can ever paint. Pines whispered, birches quivered, maples dropped grateful shadows, and a little river foamed and sparkled by, carrying its melodious message from the mountains to the sea. Glimpses of hoary peaks broke on her now and then, dappled with shadows or half veiled in mists, floating and fading like incense from altars fit for a cathedral not built with hands. Leafy vistas opened temptingly on either side, berries blushed ripely in the grass, cowbells tinkled pleasantly along the hillsides, and that busy little farmer, the "Peabody bird," cried from tree to tree, "Sow your wheat, Peabody! Peabody! Peabody!" with such musical energy one ceased to wonder that fields were wrested from the forest, to wave like green and golden breast-knots on the bosoms of the hills.

The fresh beauty and the healthful peace of the hour refreshed the girl like dew. The human rose lifted up her drooping head and smiled back at the blithe sunshine, as if she found the world a pleasant place, in spite of her own thorns. Presently a yellow butterfly came wandering by; and she watched it as she walked, pleasing herself with the girlish fancy that it was a symbol of herself.

At first it fluttered idly from side to side, now lighting on a purple thistletop, then away to swing on a dewy fern; now vanishing among the low-hanging boughs overhead, then settling in the dust of the road, where a ray of light glorified its golden wings, unmindful of its lowly seat.

"Little Psyche is looking for her Cupid everywhere, as I have looked for mine. I wonder if she ever found and lost him, as I did? If she does find him again, I'll accept it as a good omen."

Full of this fancy, Rose walked quickly after her airy guide, leaving her comrades far behind. Some tender-hearted spirit surely led that butterfly, for it never wandered far away, but floated steadily before the girl, till it came at last to a wild rose-bush, full of delicate blossoms. Above it a cloud of yellow butterflies were dancing in the sun; and from among them one flew to meet and welcome the newcomer. Together they fluttered round the rosy flowers for a moment, then rose in graceful circles, till they vanished in the wood.

Rose followed them with eyes that slowly dimmed with happy tears, for the innocent soul accepted the omen and believed it gratefully.

"He will come," she said softly to herself, as she fastened a knot of wild roses in her bosom and sat down to rest and wait.

"Tired out, little girl?" asked Uncle Ben, coming up at a great pace, rather amazed at this sudden burst of energy, but glad to see it.

"No, indeed! It was lovely!" and Rose looked up with a brighter face than she had worn for weeks.

"Upon my word, I think we have hit upon the right thing at last," said Uncle Ben, aside, to Milly. "What have you been doing to get such a look as that?" he added, aloud.

"Chasing butterflies," was all the answer Rose gave, for she could not tell the foolish little fancy that had comforted her so much.

"Then, my dear, I beg you will devote yourself to that amusement. I never heard it recommended, but it seems to be immensely beneficial; so keep it up, Rosy, keep it up."

"I will, sir," and on went Rose, as if in search of another one.

For an hour or two she strolled along the woody road, gathering red raspberries with the dew still on them, garlanding her hat with fragrant Linnæa wreaths watching the brown brooks go singing away into the forest, and wishing the little wood creatures good-morrow, as they went fearlessly to and fro, busy with their sylvan housekeeping. At every turn of the road Rose's wistful eyes looked forward, as if hoping to see some much-desired figure approaching. At every sound of steps she lifted her head like a deer, listening and watching till the stranger had gone by; and down every green vista she sent longing looks, as if memory recalled happy hours in green nooks like those.

Presently the road wound over a bridge, below which flowed a wide, smooth river, flecked with alternate sun and shadow.

"How beautiful it is! I must float down this stream a little way. It is getting warm and I am tired, yet don't want to stop or turn back yet," said Rose; adding, as her quick eye roved to and fro: "I see a boat down there, and a lazy man reading. I'll hire or borrow it; so come on."

Away she went into the meadow, and, accosting the countryman, who lay in the shade, she made her request.

"I get my livin' in summer by rowin' folks down to the Falls. It ain't fur. Will you go, Miss?" he said, smiling all over his brown face, as he regarded the pretty vision that so suddenly appeared beside him.

Rose accepted the proposition at once; but half regretted it a minute after, for, as the man rose, she saw that he had a wooden leg.

"I'm afraid we shall be too heavy a load for you," she began, as he stumped about, preparing his boat.

The young fellow laughed and squared his broad shoulders, with a quick look, that thanked her for the pitiful glance she gave him, as he answered, in a bluff, good-natured tone:

"Don't be afraid. I could row a dozen of you. I look rather the worse for wear; but my old mother thinks I'm about the strongest man in the state. Now, then, give us your hand, Miss, and there you are."

With that he helped her in. The others obediently followed their capricious leader, and in a moment they were floating down the river, with a fresh wind cooling their hot faces.

"You have been in the army, I take it?" began Uncle Ben, in his social way, as he watched the man pulling with long, easy strokes.

"Pretty nigh through the war, sir," with a nod and a glance at the wooden leg.

Uncle Ben lifted his hat, and Rose turned with a sudden interest from the far-off bend of the river to the honest face before her.

"Oh! tell us about it. I love to hear brave men fight their battles over," she cried, with a look half pleading, half commanding, and wholly charming.

"Sho! It ain't much to tell. No more than the rest o' 'em; not so much as some. I done my best, lost my leg, got a few bullets here and there, and ain't much use any way now."

A shadow passed over the man's face as he spoke; and well it might, for it was hard to be disabled at twenty-five with a long life of partial helplessness before him. Uncle Ben, who was steering, forgot his duty in his sympathy, and regarded the wooden leg with silent respect.

Milly showed hers by keeping the mosquitoes off him by gently waving a green bough, as she sat behind him. But Rose's soft eyes shone upon him full of persuasive interest, and a new tone of respect was in her voice as she said, with a martial salute:

"Please tell about your last battle. I had a cousin in the war, and feel as if every soldier was my friend and comrade since then."

"Thanky, Miss. I'll tell you that with pleasure, though it ain't much, any way." And, pushing back his hat, the young man rested on his oars, as he rapidly told his little tale.

"My last battle was ——," naming one of the latest and bloodiest of the war. "We were doing our best, when there came a shell and scattered half a dozen of us pretty lively. I was knocked flat. But I didn't feel hurt, only mad, and jumped up to hit 'em agin; but just dropped, with an awful wrench, and the feeling that both my legs was gone."

"Did no one stop to help you?" cried Rose.

"Too busy for that, Miss. The boys can't stop to pick up their mates when there are Rebs ahead to be knocked down. I knew there was no more fighting for me; and just laid still, with the balls singing round me, and wondering where they'd hit next."

"How did you feel?" questioned the girl, eagerly.

"Dreadful busy at first; for everything I'd ever said, seen, or done seemed to go spinning through my head, till I got so dizzy trying to keep my wits stiddy that I lost 'em altogether. I didn't find 'em again till some one laid hold of me. Two of our boys were luggin' me along back; but they had to dodge behind walls and cut up and down, for the scrimmage was going on all round us. One of the fellers was hit in the shoulder and the other in the face, but not bad; and they managed to get me into a sort of a ravine, out of danger. There I begged 'em to leave me. I thought I was bleeding to death rapid-and just wanted to die in peace."

"But they didn't leave you?" And Rose's face was all alive with interest now.

"Guess they didn't," answered the man, giving a stroke or two, and looking as if he found it pleasant to tell his story to so winsome a listener. "Just as they were at their wit's end what to do with me, we come upon a young surgeon, lurking there to watch the fight or to hide—don't know which. There he was, any way, looking scared half to death. Tom Hunt, my mate, made him stop and look at me. My leg was smashed, and ought to come off right away, he said. 'Do it, then!' says Tom. He was one of your rough-and-ready, Tom was; but at heart as kind as a—well, as a woman."

And the boatman gave a smile and a nod at the one opposite him.

"Thanks; but do tell on. It is *so* interesting."

And Rose let all her flowers stray down into the bottom of the boat, as she clasped her hands and leaned forward to listen.

"Don't know as I'd better tell this part. It ain't pleasant," began the man.

"You must. I want it all. Dreadful things do me good, and other people's sufferings teach me how to bear my own," said Rose, in her imperious way.

"You don't look as if you ought to have any."

And the man's eyes rested on the delicate face opposite, full of a pleasant blending of admiration, pity, and protection.

"I have; but not like yours. Go on, please."

"Well, if you say so, here goes. The surgeon was worried, and said he couldn't do nothing—hadn't got his instruments, and so on. 'Yes, you have. Out with 'em,' says Tom, rapping on a case he sees in the chap's breast-pocket. 'Can't do it without bandages,' he says, next. 'Here they are, and more where they came from,' says Tom; and off came his shirt-sleeves and was stripped up in a jiffy. 'I must have help,' says the confounded surgeon, dawdling round, and me groaning my life out at his feet. 'Here's help; look of it,' says Tom, taking my head on his arm, while Parkes tied up his wounded face and stood ready to lend a hand. Seeing no way out of it, the surgeon went to work. Good Lord, but that *was* awful!"

The mere memory of it made the speaker shut his eyes with a shiver, as if he felt again the sharp agony of shattered bones, rent flesh, and pitiless knife.

"Never mind that. Tell how you got comfortable again," said Milly, shaking her head at Rose.

"I wasn't comfortable for three months, ma'am. Don't mind telling about it, cause Tom done so well, and I'm proud of him," said the rower, with kindling eyes. "Things of that sort are hard enough done well, with chloroform and everything handy. But laying on the bare ground, with nothing right, and a scared boy of a surgeon hacking away at you, its torment and no mistake. I never could have stood it if it hadn't been for Tom. He held me close and as steady as a rock; but he cried like a baby the whole time, and that did me good. Don't know why; but it did. As for Parkes, he gave out at once and went off for help. I'll never forget that place if I live to be a hundred. Seems as if I could see the very grass I tore up; the muddy brook they laid me by; the steep bank, with Parkes creeping up; Tom's face, wet and white, but so full of pity; the surgeon, with his red hands; and all the while such a roar of guns I could hardly hear myself groaning for some one to shoot me and put me out of my misery."

"How did you get to the hospital?" asked Uncle Ben, anxious to get over this part of the story, for Rose was now as pale as if she actually saw the scene described.

"Don't know, sir. There come a time when I couldn't hear any more, and what happened then I've never been very clear about. I didn't know much for a day or two; then I was brought round by being put in a transport. I was packed with a lot of poor fellows, and was beginning to wish I'd stayed queer, till I heard Tom's voice saying: 'Never mind, boys; put me down anywheres, and tend to the others. I can wait.' That set me up. I sung out, and they stowed him alongside. It was so dark down there I could hardly see his face; but his voice and ways were just as hearty and comforting as ever, and he kept up my spirits wonderful that day. I was pretty weak, and kept dozing off; but whenever I woke I felt for Tom, and he was always there. He told me, when Parkes came with help, he saw me off, and then went back for another go at the rebs; but got a ball in the breast, and was in rather a bad way, he guessed. He couldn't lay down; but sat by me, leaning back, with his hand on my pillow, where I could find it easy. He talked to me all he could, till his voice give out; for he got very weak, and there was a dreadful groaning all around us."

"I know, I know. I went aboard one of those transports to help; but couldn't stay, it was so terrible," said Uncle Ben, with a groan at the mere memory of it.

"That was a long day, and I thought it was my last; for when night came I felt so gone I reckoned I was most over Jordan. I gave my watch to Tom as a keepsake, and told him to say good-bye to the boys for me. I hadn't any folks of my own, so it wasn't hard to go. Tom had a sweet-heart, an old mother, and lots of friends; but he didn't repine a word—only said: 'If you do pull through, Joel, just tell mother I done my best, and give Hetty my love.' I promised, and dropped asleep, holding on to Tom as if he was my sheet-anchor. So he was; but I can't tell all he done for me in different ways."

For a minute Joel rowed in silence, and no one asked a question. Then he pushed up his old hat again, and went on, as if anxious to be done.

"Soon's ever I woke, next morning, I looked round to thank Tom, for his blanket was over me. He was sitting as I left him, his hand on my pillow, his face toward me, so quiet and happy looking I couldn't believe he was gone. But he was, and I have had no mate since."

"Where did he live?" asked Rose, as softly as if speaking of one she had known and loved.

"Over yonder." And Joel pointed to a little brown house on the hillside.

"Are his mother and Hetty there?"

"Hetty married a number of years ago; but the old lady is there."

"And you are visiting her?"

"I live with her. You see Tom was all she had; and, when Hetty left, it was only natural that I tried to take Tom's place. Can't never fill it, of course; but I do what I can, and she's comfortable."

"So *she* is the 'old mother' who thinks so much of you? Well she may," said Rose, giving him her brightest smile.

"Yes, she's all I've got now. Couldn't do no less, could I, seein' how much Tom done for me?" answered the man, with a momentary quiver of emotion in his rough voice.

"You're a trump!" said Uncle Ben, emphatically.

"Thanky, sir. Starboard, if you please. I don't care to get into the rapids just here."

Joel seemed to dislike telling this part of the story; but the three listeners beamed upon him with such approving faces that he took to his oars in self-defense, rowing with all his might, till the roar of the Fall was faintly heard.

"Now, where shall I land you, sir?"

"Let us lunch on the island," proposed Rose.

"I see a tent, and fancy some one is camping there," said Milly.

"A lot of young fellows have been there this three days," said Joel.

"Then we will go on, and take to the grove above the Fall," ordered Uncle Ben.

Alas! alas! for Rose. That decision delayed her happiness a whole half day; for on that island, luxuriously reading "The Lotus Eaters," as he lay in the long grass, was the Gabriel this modern Evangeline was waiting for. She never dreamed he was so near. And the brown-bearded student never lifted up his head as the boat floated by, carrying the lady of his love.

"I want to give him more than his fare. So I shall slip my cigar-case into the pocket of this coat," whispered Uncle Ben, as Joel was busy drawing up the boat and getting a stone or two to facilitate the ladies' landing dry-shod.

"I shall leave my book for him. He was poring over an old newspaper, as if hungry for reading. The dash and daring of 'John Brent' will charm him; and the sketch of Winthrop's life in the beginning will add to its value, I know." And, hastily scribbling his name in it, Rose slipped the book under the coat.

But Milly, seeing how old that coat was, guessed that Joel gave his earnings to the old woman to whom he dutifully played a son's part. Writing on a card "For Tom's mother and mate," she folded a five-dollar bill round it, fastened it with a little pearl cross from her own throat, and laid it in the book.

"Are you ready, lads, and, with a cordial hand-shake and many thanks, left Joel to row away, quite unconscious that he was a hero in the pretty girl's eyes, till he found the tokens of his passengers' regard and respect.

"Now that is an adventure after my own heart," said Rose, as they rustled along the grassy path toward the misty cloud that hung over the Fall.

"We have nothing but sandwiches and sherry for lunch, unless we find a house and add to our stores," said Uncle Ben, beginning to feel hungry and wondering how far his provisions would go.

"There is a little girl picking berries. Call her and buy some," suggested Milly, who had her doubts about the state of the sandwiches, as the knapsack had been sat upon.

A shout from Uncle Ben caused the little girl to approach—timidly at first; but, being joined by a boy, her courage rose, and when the idea of a "trade" was impressed upon their minds fear was forgotten and the Yankee appeared.

"How much a quart?"

"Eight cents, sir."

"But that birch-bark thing is not full."

"Now it is," and the barefooted, tow-headed lad filled the girl's pannier from his own.

"Here's chivalry for you," said Rose, watching the children with interest; for the girl was pretty, and the boy evidently not her brother.

"You don't pick as fast as she does," said Milly, while Uncle Ben hunted up the money.

"He's done his stent, and was helpin' me. I'll have to pick a lot before I git my quarter," said the girl, defending her friend, in spite of her bashfulness.

"Must you each make a quarter?"

"Yes'm. We don't have to; but we wanter, so we can go to the circus that's comin' to-morrer. He made his'n ketchin' trout; so he's helpin' me," explained the girl.

"Where do you get your trout?" asked Uncle Ben, sniffing the air, as if he already smelt them cooking.

"In the brook. I ain't sold mine yet. Want to buy 'em? Six big ones for a quarter," said the boy, seeing hunger in the good man's eye and many greenbacks in the corpulent purse.

"Yes, if you'll clean them."

"But, Uncle, we can't cook them," began Milly.

"I can. Let an old campaigner alone for getting up a gipsy lunch. You wanted a surprise; so I'll give you one. Now, Billy, bring on your fish."

"My name is Daniel Webster Butterfield Brown," returned the boy, with dignity; adding, with a comical change of tone: "Them fish is cleaned, or you'd a got 'em cheaper."

"Very well. Hand them over."

Off ran the boy to the brook; and the girl was shyly following, when Rose said:

"Will you sell me that pretty bark pannier of yours? I want one for my flowers."

"No'm. I guess I'd rather not."

"I'll give you a quarter for it. Then you can go to the circus, without working any more."

"Dan made this for me, real careful; and I couldn't sell it, no way. He wouldn't go without me. And I'll pick stiddy all day, and git my money. See if I don't!" answered the child, hugging her treasure close.

"Here's your romance in the bud," said Uncle Ben, trying not to laugh.

"It's beautiful!" said Rose, with energy. "What is your name, dear?"

"Gusty Medders, please 'm."

"Dan isn't your brother?"

"No'm. He lives to the poor-house. But he's real smart, and we play together. And him and me is going to the show. He always takes care o' me; and my mother thinks a sight of him, and so do I," returned the child, in a burst of confidence.

"Happy little Gusty!" said Rose, to herself.

"Thrice happy Dan," added Uncle Ben, producing the fat pocket-book again, with the evident intention of bestowing a fortune on the small couple.

"Don't spoil the pretty little romance. Don't rob it of its self-sacrifice and simplicity. Let them earn their money. Then they will enjoy it more," cried Milly, holding his hand.

Uncle Ben submitted, and paid Dan his price, without addiag a penny.

"The lady wanted to buy my basket. But I didn't sell it, Danny; 'cause you give it as a keepsake," they heard Gusty say, as the children turned away.

"Good for you, Gus; but I'll sell mine." And back came Dan, to dispose of his for the desired quarter. "Now we're fixed complete, and you needn't pick a darned berry. We've got fifty cents for the show, and eight over for peanuts and candy. Won't we have a good time, though?"

With which joyful remark Dan turned a somersault, and then the little pair vanished in the wood, with shining faces, to revel in visions of the splendors to come.

"Now you have got your elephant, what are you going to do with him?" asked Rose, as they went on again—she with her pretty basket of fruit and he with a string of fish wrapped in leaves.

"Come on a bit, and you will see."

Uncle Ben led them to the shade of a great maple, on a green slope, in sight of the noisy Fall, leaping from rock to rock, till the stream went singing away through wide, green meadows below.

"Now rest and cool yourselves, while I cook the dinner." And away bustled the good man, on hospitable thoughts intent.

Plenty of dry drift-wood lay about the watercourse, and soon a brisk fire burned on the rocks, not far away. New pine shingles, with pointed sticks for forks, seemed quite in keeping with the rustic feast; and when the edibles were set forth on leaves the girls were charmed, and praised the trout, as it came hot from the coals, till even the flushed cook was satisfied.

"I'd like to live so always. It is so interesting to pick up your food as you go, and eat it when and where you like. I think I could be quite happy leading a wild life like this," said Rose, as she lay in the grass, dropping berries one by one into her mouth.

"You would soon tire of it, Miss Caprice; but, if it amuses for a single day, I am satisfied," answered Milly, with her motherly smile, as she stroked the bright head in her lap, feeling sure that happiness was in store for so much youth and beauty.

Lulled by the soft caress and the song of the waterfall, Rose fell asleep, and for an hour dreamed blissfully, while the maple dropped its shadows on her placid face, and all the wholesome influences of the place worked their healing spell on soul and body.

"A thunder shower is rolling up in the west, my dears. We must be getting toward some shelter, unless we are to take a drenching as part of the day's pleasure," said Uncle Ben, rising briskly after his own nap.

"I see no house anywhere; but a big barn down in the intervale, and a crowd of people getting in their hay. Let us make for that, and lie on the sweet hay-cocks till the shower comes," proposed Milly.

As they went down the steep path, Rose began to sing; and at the unwonted sound her Uncle and friend exchanged glances of satisfaction, for not a note had she sung for weeks. A happy mood seemed to have taken possession of her; and when they reached the intervale she was in old farmer's heart by catching up a rake and working stoutly, till the first heavy drops began to fall. Then she rode up to the barn on a fragrant load, and was so charmed with the place that she declined his invitation to "Come up and see the old woman and set a spell," and declared that she depended on enjoying the thunder storm where she was.

The farmer and his men went their way, and Rose was just settling herself at the upper window, where the hay had been pitched in, when a long line of gay red vans came rattling down the road, followed by carriages and gilded cars, elephants and camels, fine horses and frisky ponies, all more or less excited by the coming storm.

"It's the circus! How I wish Gusty and Dan could see it!" cried Rose, clapping her hands like a child. "I do believe they are coming here. Now that will be charming, and the best adventure of all," she added, as a carriage and several vans turned into the grassy road leading to the barn.

A pair of elephants slowly lumbered after, with a camel or two, and the finest gilded car. The rest rattled on, hoping to reach the town in time. In a moment the quiet country scene was changed, and the big barn transformed into a theatrical Babel.

Our party retreated to a loft, and sat looking down on the show, enjoying it heartily; especially Rose, who felt as if suddenly translated into an Eastern tale. The storm came on dark and wild, rain poured, thunder rolled, and lightning gave lurid glimpses of the strange surroundings.

The elephants placidly ate hay; the tired camels lay down with gusty sighs and queer groanings; but the lion in his lonely van roared royally at intervals, and the tigers snarled and tore about their cage like restless demons.

The great golden car lit up the gloom; and in it sat or lay the occupants of the carriage—a big, dark man, and a little blonde creature, with a pretty, tired, painted face. Rose soon found herself curiously attracted to this pair, for they were evidently lovers; and there was a certain frank, melodramatic air about them that took her fancy. The dark man lay on the red cushion, smoking tranquilly; while the girl hovered about him with all manner of small attentions. Presently he seemed to drop asleep, undisturbed by the thunder without or the clamor within. Then the small creature smoothed her gay yet shabby dress, and braided up her hair, as composedly as if in her own room. That done, she looked about her for amusement; and, spying Rose's interested face peering down at her from above, she nodded, and called out, in a saucy voice:

"How do you like us? Shall I come up and make you a visit?"

"I beg you will," answered Rose, in spite of a warning touch from Milly.

Up sprang the little circus-rider; and, disdaining the ladder, skipped to the gilded dome of the car, and then took a daring leap onto the loft, landing near them, with a laugh.

For a minute she eyed the others with a curious mixture of coolness and hesitation, as if it suddenly struck her they were not country girls, to be dazzled by her audacity. Milly saw and understood the pause, liked the girl for it; and said, as courteously as if to a lady in her own parlor:

"There is plenty of room for us all. Pray, sit down and enjoy this fine view with us. The storm is passing over now, and it will soon be fair."

"Thank you!" said the girl, dropping onto the hay, with her bold, bright eyes, full of admiration, fixed on Rose, who smiled, and said, quickly:

"You belong to the troop, I suppose?"

"First lady rider," replied the girl, with a toss of the head.

"It must be very romantic to lead such a life, and go driving from place to place in this way."

"It's a hard life, any way; and not much room ance, you'd better believe."

"Not even for *you*." And Rose glanced at the sleeper below.

The girl smiled. Her bold eyes turned to him with a softened look, and the natural color deepened on her painted cheeks, as she said, in a lower voice:

"Yes, Joe does make a difference for me. We've only been married three weeks."

"What does he do?"

"He's the lion-tamer." And the girl gave them a glance of wifely pride in her husband's prowess.

"Oh! tell me about it!" cried Rose. "I admire courage so much."

"You ought to see him do Daniel in the lion's den, then. Or his great tiger act, where he plies four of 'em up, and lays on top. It's just splendid!"

"But very dangerous! Does he never fear them? And do they never hurt him?"

"He don't fear anything in the world," said the girl, entirely forgetting herself, in enthusiastic praise of her husband. "Cæsar, the lion, loves him like a dog; and Joe trusts him as he does me. But them tigers are deceitful beasts, and can't be trusted a minute. Judas went at Joe once and half killed him. He seems tame enough now; but I hate him, for they say that if a tiger once tastes a man's blood he's sure to kill him sooner or later. So I don't have a minute's peace when Joe is in that cage." And the little woman shivered with very genuine anxiety at the thought of her husband's danger.

"And, knowing this, he runs the risk every day! What a life!" said Uncle Ben, looking down at the unconscious Joe.

"A brave life, Uncle, and full of excitement. The minutes in that cage must be splendid. I wish I could see him once!" cried Rose, with the restless look in her eyes again.

"He'd do it, if he had his things here. He'll do anything *I* ask him," said the girl, evidently proud of her power over the lion-tamer.

"We will come and see him to-morrow. Can't you tell us how he manages to subdue these wild animals? I always wanted to know about it," said Rose, wondering if she could not get some hints for the taming of men.

"Joe'll tell you." And, calling from her perch, the girl waked the sleeper, and ordered him up to amuse the gentle-folk.

The big man came, with comical meekness; and, lounging on the hay, readily answered the questions showered upon him. Rose enjoyed that hour intensely; for the tales Joe told were full of wild adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and feats of strength or skill, that kept his listeners half breathless with interest. The presence of the little wife gave an added charm to these stories; for it was evident that the tamer of lions was completely subdued by the small woman. His brown, scarred face softened as it turned to her. While he talked, the strong hands that clutched lions by the throat were softly stroking the blonde head at his side; and, when he told of the fierce struggle with Judas, he grew so eloquent over the account of Kitty's nursing him that it was plain to see he was prouder of the conquest of her girl's heart than of his hard-won victory over the treacherous tiger.

The man's courage lent romance to his vulgar life, and his love ennobled his whole nature for a time. Kitty ate peanuts while he thrilled his hearers with his feats; but her face was so full of pride and affection all the while that no one minded what she did, and even Milly forgave the painted cheeks and cotton velvet dress for the sake of the womanly heart underneath.

The storm passed, the circus people bestirred themselves, and in a few minutes were on their way again. Joe and Kitty said "Good-bye" as heartily as if that half hour had made them friends; and, packing themselves into the little carriage drawn by the calico tandem, dashed away as gayly as if their queer honeymoon journey had just begun. Like parts of a stage pageant, the gilded car, the elephants and camels, frisky ponies, and gay red vans vanished along the winding road, leaving the old barn to silence and the scandalized swallows, twittering among the rafters.

"I feel as if I'd been to an Arabian Night's entertainment," said Rose, as they descended and turned toward home.

"It was very interesting, and I do hope that brave Joe won't get eaten up by the tigers. What would poor Kitty do?" returned Milly, warmly.

"It would be sad and dreadful; but she would have the comfort of knowing how much he loved her. Some women don't even have that," added Rose, under her breath.

"A capital fellow and a nice little woman. We'll go and see them to-morrow; though I fancy I shall not like Mrs. Kitty half so well in gauze and spangles, jumping through hoops and over banners on horseback, as I did on the hayloft. And I shall be desperately anxious till Joe is safely out of the tiger's cage," said Uncle Ben, who had been as interested as a boy in the wild tales told them.

For an hour they walked back along the river-side, enjoying the wood odors brought out by the shower, the glories of the sunset sky, and the lovely rainbow that arched overhead—a bow of promise to those who seemed passing under it from the old life to a new one, full of tender promise.

"I see a nice old woman in that kitchen, and I want to stop and ask for some new milk. Perhaps she will give us our supper, and then we can go on by moonlight," said Rose, as they came to a weather-beaten farm-house, standing under an ancient elm, with its door hospitably open, and a grandmotherly figure going to and fro within.

Rose's request was most graciously received, for the old woman seemed to regard them as most welcome cheerers of her solitude, and bustled about with an infectious cordiality that set them at their ease directly.

"Do tell! Caught in the shower? It come so suddin', I mistrusted some folks would get a duckin'. You kin hev supper jest as wal as not. 'Tain't a mite o' trouble, of you don't mind plain vittles. Enos and me lives alone, and he ain't no great of an eater; but I allers cattle'ate to hev a good store of pervision on hand this time a year, there's such a sight of strangers round the mountains. The table's all sot; and I'll jest add a pinch of tea and a couple of pies, and there we be. Now draw right up, and do the best you kin."

The cheery old soul was so hospitable that her presence gave a grace to her homely table and added flavor to her plain fare. Uncle Ben's eyes twinkled when he saw dainty Rose eating brown-bread and milk out of a yellow bowl, with the appetite of a dairy-maid; and Milly rejoiced over the happy face opposite, wishing that it might always wear that self-forgetful look.

Enos was a feeble, bed-ridden, old man, who lay in a small room opening from the kitchen. A fretful invalid he seemed to be, hard to suit and much given to complaint. But the tender old wife never lost patience with him; and it was beautiful to see how cheerfully she trotted to and fro, trying to gratify every whim, without a reproachful word or thought of weariness.

After tea, as Rose wanted to wait till moonrise, Uncle Ben went in to chat with the invalid, while Milly insisted on wiping the cups for the old lady; and Rose sat on the doorstep, listening to their chat, and watching twilight steal softly up the valley. Presently her attention was fixed by something the old lady said in answer to Milly's praises of the quaint kitchen.

"Yes, dear, I've lived here all my days. Was born in that bed-room; and don't ask no better than to die there when my time comes."

"Most people are not fortunate enough to keep their old home when they marry. It must be very dear to you, having spent both your maiden and married life here," said Milly, interested in her hostess.

"Wal, you see my maiden life lasted sixty year; and my married life ain't but jest begun," answered the old lady, with a laugh as gay as a girl's.

Seeing curiosity in the quick glance Rose involuntarily gave her, the chatty old soul went on as if gossip was dear to her heart, and her late-coming happiness still so new that she loved to tell it.

"I s'pose that sounds sing'lar to you young things; but, you see, though me and Enos was engaged at twenty or so, we warn't married till two year ago. Things was dreadful con'try, and we kep a waitin' and a waitin', till, I declare for't, I really did think I should die an old maid." And she laughed again, as if her escape was the best joke in the world.

"And you waited forty years?" cried Rose, with her great eyes full of wonder.

"Yes, dear. I had other chances; but somehow they didn't none of them suit, and the more unfort'nate Enos was the more I kinder held on to him. He was one of them that's allers tryin' new things, and didn't never seem to make a fortin out of any on 'em. He kept a tryin' because he had nothin', and wouldn't marry till he was wall off. My mother was dead, and left a family to be took care on. I was the oldest gal, and so I nat'rally kept house for father till he died, and the children grew up and married off. So I warn't idle all them years, and got on first-rate, allers hopin' Enos's luck would turn. But it didn't (them cups goes in the right hand corner, dear); and so I waited and waited, and hoped and hoped."

"Oh! how could you?" sighed Rose, from the soft gloom of the doorway.

"'Pears to me strength is give us most wonderful to bear trials, if we take 'em meek. I used to think I couldn't bear it no way when I was left here alone, while Enos was in Californy; and I didn't know for seven year whether he was dead or alive. His folks give him up; but I never did, and kept on hopin' and prayin' for him till he come back."

"How happy you were then!" cried Rose, as if she could sympathize heartily with that joy.

"No, I warn't, dear. That was the hardest part on't; for Enos was married to a poor, shiftless thing, that was a burden to him for ten year."

"That *was* hard," and Rose gave a groan, as if a new trouble had suddenly come upon her.

"I done my best for 'em, in their ups and downs, till they went West. Then I settled down to end my days here alone. My folks was all dead or fur away, and it was uncommon lonesome. But I kinder clung to the old place, and had it borne in upon me strong that Enos would turn up agin in time. I wanted him to find me here, ready to give him a helpin' hand whenever and however he come."

"And he did, at last?" asked Rose, with a sympathetic quiver in her voice that went to the old woman's heart.

"Yes, my deary; he did come at last," she said, in a voice full of a satisfaction that was almost solemn in its intensity. "Ruther mo'n two years ago he knocked at that door, a poor, broken-down old man, without wife, or child, or money, or home—nothin' in the wide world but me. He didn't think I'd take him in, he was so mis'able. But, Lord love him, what else had I been a waitin' for them forty year? It warn't the Enos that I loved fust; but that didn't matter one mite. And when

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ticularly brilliant close to
e edge of the disc where
he chromosphere were most
racteristic. Moreover, the
ognized by the aid of a
were unusually distinct.
ple outflows of fiery mag-
e appreciably modified the
n. The change has been
mber of observers else-
they were the cause of the
have suffered during the
e and the greater part of
).

Gladstone says in *Nature*,
n observed a singular tend-
er ornaments and coins to
e and friable. An ancient
land of Cyprus, supposed to
ears old, presents a fracture
resembling that of cast-
pecific gravity has been re-
10 to 9. As it contains a
his property of alloys to
lition and volume is worthy
hose whose duty it is to de-
ard of our national coins,
uld be made for the purpose
hat metals or combinations
subject to such changes.

ic source for the constant
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uchet, of the *Academie des*
to be due to a layer of small
gularly spherical granules
ellow by transmitted light,
ry color. These irising
reatly in thickness; and
f a pile of extraordinarily
ted one to the other, but
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ractice Professor Palmieri,
to predict the eruptions of
Mr. George Forbes, in
've well remember, when we
hospitality, at the beginning
he said: 'This is a small
ere is going to be a great
r it will be soon. It may be
ll come.' In almost exactly
ruption did come."

Music.

prising of recent musical
that of Mario's return to
tes. He is coming this
under the management
akosch, who is now on
York with Carlotta Patti;
cumstances the great tenor
s reappearance he are not
mes, so to speak, *in forma*
as spent his fortune faster
e it, and only a little while
n Rome prevented his leav-
ether he will make a new
a may be doubted; but he
received by a public which
the delicious voice that
teen years ago, and which
te the ravages of time—for
r years of age—he is still a
we cannot afford to slight.
is prime the ideal Italian
eration; and it is evident,
which he has created re-
and elsewhere, that the
eparted from him.

dent of the London *Orches-*
ews from Milan, July 25th,
f Miss Adelaide Phillipps's

ay last the final perform-
ofoli' took place at the
th occasion Miss Matilda
or benefit. The theater was
rts, and the very respectable
d the talented young lady
hearty expressions of ap-
performance of the opera.
und and third acts the *pece-*
'Di tanti palpiti' ('Tan-

Our Young Folks.

"DIDN'T-MEAN-TO."

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Didn't-Mean-To" is a boy who's alway
In disgrace.
Artful tears are in his eyes and solemn lyin
face.
He is likely to be found in every house in
town.
You may know him by the way he turns
things upside down.

"Didn't-Mean-To" tied the door, so no one
could get out;
"Didn't-Mean-To" hid the kittens in the
water-spout;
Then he painted pussy all in spots—now,
think of that!),
Because he wished to make of her a Dolly
Varden cat.

"Didn't-Mean-To" filled his hat with water,
to the rim,
You would think he was innocence to look
at him.
He tried to lift a jar of sweetmeats, heavier
than lead;
Didn't quite succeed, but overturned it on
his head.

Once I caught this "Didn't-Mean-To" in the
very act,
Half a dozen coat-tails to the sofa he had
tacked.
Then he hugged me round the neck (his doings I deplored).
"Didn't-Mean-To" said "He didn't mean to
any more."

HOW FRANKIE KILLED THE LION.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

"WHAT about that famous lantern, my little boy?" asked Grandpa Warren, as he put his arm about Frankie's plump little waist, and drew him nearer to his side.

"Oh! Grandpa," cried Frankie, his handsome face flushing, "I had quite forgotten the lantern. It's up-stairs, in the old work-room."

"Quite forgotten it!" said Grandpapa, in his turn astonished, as he brought his gold-rimmed glasses to bear upon the bright, upturned face. "Why, I think I never saw a little fellow more in earnest about that same lantern. I remember he intended to have it all ready by Christmas to show in the parlor. Well, I really am surprised."

Frankie looked down, somewhat abashed.

"I did try," he said, softly, fumbling in his pockets. "But the slides were so hard, and I broke one glass, and Papa brought me some new toys; and so you see I got interested in *them*," he added, brightly.

"But really, Grandpa, it was very hard."

"Ah! I see," said Mr. Warren, looking thoughtfully in the fire. "It was the lion," and he shook his head and sighed.

"The lion, Grandpa?"

"Yes, dear, that dreadful lion that I have known to conquer so many; to cat them up, my boy—eat them up."

"What *can* you mean, Grandpa?" asked Frankie, now quite startled.

"Have you never heard Papa read in the Bible, 'The slothful man sayeth there is a lion in the way?'" asked old Mr. Warren.

"I don't remember. What does it mean, Grandpa?"

Grandpa did not answer the question, but went on to say:

"Some days ago I was talking with a certain lady in this house, being at the time in a famous room, which a young gentleman of my acquaintance calls his work-room; and there I saw a great many good intentions, that I suppose, when they were begun, were expected to be finished performances by and by. There was a cart completed all but one wheel; there was a little chair begun for somebody's little sister, that laid helplessly upon two legs; there was a set of nine-pins commenced and abandoned."

"Oh, Grandpa!" cried Frankie, with red cheeks; "you were up in *my* room."

"And the lady told me that a certain little son of her's was always ready to *begin* new work on new things; but very seldom finished any one of them, properly. Then I felt badly, for I was sure the lion had got hold of my dear little grandson, and that by and by he would get the upper hand of him completely, and crunch out all his usefulness and make a miserable man of him."

Grandpa's tones were very serious; and Frankie looked down, growing redder and redder, as he fingered the bright brass buttons of his new suit.

"I *did* mean to have the lantern all done by Christmas; but you see—well—there were so *many* other things; and—and I—" Frankie could get no further but stared at the blazing red coal-fire, and thought to himself that it was really too bad for Grandpa to talk that way, when he had been trying to do so much. It was enough to hear Mamma's sage talk; but when Grandpa came he expected to have so much fun!—nothing else, only fun!

Presently Grandpapa began to talk about Nep, the great farm dog. Frankie remembered him; he was a little, brown, curly mat of a thing, only a few weeks old, when he had last seen him. Now Grandfather told how large and handsome he was, so that Nettie, Frankie's youngest cousin, could sit on his back and drive him all round the yard.

"Is he as big as a lion?" asked Frankie, gravely. He could not get the thought of that dreadful animal out of his head.

"Almost," Grandpa said, with a smile, stroking his long gray beard; "and Cousin Dan is making a capital little wagon and a harness for Nep, so that Nettie can go riding."

"I suppose Cousin Dan finishes things," said Frankie, thoughtfully.

"Always!" replied Grandpa Warren, biting his lips. "Dan always finishes things."

"But he is a man," continued Frank.

"He always *did* finish things," replied Grandpa. "I have known him to work patiently at a little toy for Nettie for weeks, when he had little else but a penknife to work with. It's a good habit, that," mused Grandpa.

Frankie still looked thoughtful; but presently went off to play.

The next day, as Grandpa Warren was sitting by the fire, in the great arm-chair, Frankie ran up to him, with shining eyes.

"Grandpa," he almost shouted, "Grandpa, I'm going to kill the lion! My lion, I mean."

"Really, I am glad to hear that," said Grandpa Warren, putting his paper aside. "That's better news than I find here."

"Yes, I've begun at him this morning; went right straight up-stairs. 'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Lion, I'm going to take you in hand.' So I went at the little cart; and here it is, all finished, every bit. Look!"

Grandpa's eyes sparkled as he examined the toy. The work was quite perfect.

"Don't you believe I've cut off one of his fore-paws?" cried the young hero, with great satisfaction.

"I think you have lamed him to some extent," said Grandpa.

"And now," exclaimed Frankie, with renewed gusto, "I'm going to put out his eyes."

"Both of them?" queried Grandpa.

"Every one of them. Don't you think by the time I've done my lantern he will be pretty shaky?"

"I should say so; quite incapable of doing much mischief, if he has no feet and no eyes. You might keep him then as a sort of reminder. It's a great thing to conquer such a foe, my boy."

"I never knew I had a lion before," said Frankie, chuckling. "But I'll look out for him in the future; see if I don't."

Grandpa gazed after the boy, as he went with tears in his old eyes and joy in his heart. It had always been a sorrow to him that Frank had seemed so fickle—losing too soon the enthusiasm with which he was forever beginning new ventures. Now it seemed probable that he needed to sorrow no more, for things were looking up in Frankie's work-shop, decidedly. The chair intended for little sister was not abandoned till it could stand as straight and steady as she did; the magic-lantern slides were all brought out, and, with a few suggestions from Grandpa, finished quite elegantly; indeed, there was nothing there that did not suffer a change, from the broken pap-dish he had once resolved to mend to a handsome hickory cane for Grandpa, which was presented with a flourish.

"Oh, ho! I suppose you intend that for me, to kill *my* lions with," laughed Grandpa.

The Sunday-school.

THE lesson from the Epistles for September 8th is I Cor., iii, 6-15. It shows, among other things, God's work and man's work in the building of a Christian character. God lays the foundation. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." No Christian character, no manly character can be laid securely save on the foundation of faith in Jesus as one's personal Saviour and Master. God gives success also in all right building on the true foundation. Paul may furnish material; Apollos may try to work it in; but God alone can cause the building to rise symmetrically, even through such valuable agencies. So then neither is he that furnisheth material anything, neither he that seeks to use it; "but God that giveth the increase." Yet, while all the power is with God, for the foundation and the finishing of every man's character, God gives to each of us a responsibility for the building of our characters, as if the power was with ourselves; "we are laborers together with God." Hence, it is that "every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor; and that the warning comes to him, as he is pointed to the only true foundation, "Let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon." No man can save himself. Jesus saves only those who trust him to do so. The best intentions in the world will not bring a man into Heaven unless he has faith in Jesus. He cannot have a building of character which will abide in the final day, unless it rests on the foundation God has laid in Christ. But even on that true foundation no man can build securely unaided. He must be a worker with God in his building, or his work will not stand fire. Doubtless, many a believer in Jesus fails to work with God day by day—fails to spend his time, his strength, his means for the honor of Jesus and the good of his fellows. Such "a man's work shall be burned," and he shall suffer loss," even though "he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." Other disciples not only build on the sure foundation of Jesus, but every day's course of their character and conduct is laid by God's approval and God's help. They use all their time, all their strength, all their possessions as they believe Jesus would have them to do. Such men's work will abide eternally, and they "shall receive a reward" accordingly. No child of God has a right to be in any business in which he cannot be a worker "together with God." If he is a student, he ought to expect God's assistance in his studies and recitations. If he is a farmer, he ought to look for God's aid in his plowing and reaping. If he is a merchant, he ought to believe that God approves every statement he makes to a customer concerning the goods he sells. If he is a cigar vender, he ought to believe that Jesus commends heartily every brand he speaks well of. If he is a liquor dealer, he ought to count his Saviour as also his partner. If he goes to the theater or billiard-room, he ought to feel that God would rather have him there just then than anywhere else in the world. For in all proper work on earth, as God's children, "we are laborers together with God." If a man is mistaken in any of these things, "he shall suffer loss"; and, even if he has trusted Jesus, and is saved "as by fire," he must enter Heaven without any treasure laid up there, as he might have had it by wise character building on the sure foundation. Let then "every man take heed how he buildeth."

....*The Central Baptist*, of St. Louis, takes positive exception to the Uniform Lesson Plan, as tending to destroy denominational power and to diminish the force of doctrinal teaching in the Sunday-schools of the land. It deems the men chosen to select the Bible Lessons as not "equal to such a task," nor willing to "choose the themes in themselves calculated to indoctrinate the youth." It is confident that "the Lessons for 1873 contain as little of the strong meat as the weakest saint could wish"; and that "the doctrines, except in one or two instances, are ingeniously dodged." Indeed, it feels that "the present popular system [of Sunday-schools] is responsible" for a sad "lack of qualified teachers"; so that already "it is lamentably true that a generation has grown up ignorant of doctrine," and that now "many can a Baptist be found who is able to defend his faith." All this sounds a little singular in view of the facts in the case. The Baptist clergyman on the International Committee which selected the Lessons for 1873 is Rev. Dr. Randolph, Sunday-school secretary of the Baptist Publication Society; and, if he is not equal to his task, nor interested in indoctrinating the youth, the National Sunday-school Convention can hardly be held responsible. Inasmuch as "The Baptism of Jesus" and "The Lord's Supper" are two of the special themes for study in 1873, it looks as if there was a fair chance for an examination, under the commend of the Baptist Publication Society, of the points which separate Baptists from other Christian bodies. An outsider might infer from the expression of fears by *The Central Baptist* that this Bible study is undermining the Baptist denomination. Indeed, if calling attention to baptism and the Lord's Supper as presented in the Bible is ingeniously dodging Baptist doctrines, and under such practices "rarely can a Baptist be found able to defend his faith," there is no wonder that our contemporary sighs for a return of the good old days when "Baptists . . . taught their children at home from the London Catechism, from Kiech's Catechism, from the Bible."

....The demand for a higher standard of instruction is by no means confined to the Sunday-school; nor are all Sunday-schools behind the week-day public schools in the attainments and qualifications of teachers, if the statements of prominent educators are to be trusted. At the recent session in Boston of the National Educational Association, an essayist from the Pacific Coast is reported as saying that

"of the 300,000 teachers in America, not more than a tenth were professional teachers . . . Many scholars in this country were kept (not taught) from those who gave only unskilled labor, and received pay for only this. Boys working their way through college and girls waiting to get married were placed over many of our schools; and all the good done was to keep the children out of worse mischief, by teaching them a few facts in figures and geography. Such schools lie longed, geologically speaking, to the old red sandstone formation, and the fossil teachers of that age should not be confessed in power now."

It would be well for Sunday-school workers to ask themselves to what formation the teaching in their school belongs. Quite too much of "the old red sandstone" teaching still remains, in spite of institutes and normal work, thus far. A New England teacher had a report from his region hardly more satisfactory than that of the Californian. He said that

"there were school-marms in Rhode Island who did not know enough to have the charge of an infant not large enough to cry; but who could not be got rid of by the board, because people would say: 'Oh! she belongs to my church; she calls on my family; and I am sure she is a very excellent woman, indeed.'"

Many a poor Sunday-school teacher has been installed or retained over a class because she was the pastor's or the deacon's daughter. There is to be an improvement in this, and superintendents will have only good teachers, whatever households or social circles they may represent.

....In a Sunday-school anniversary sermon the Bishop of Carlisle, England, preaching to teachers from the text "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily . . . for ye serve the Lord Christ," gave this incident, with its lesson:

"A very good man, whom I knew well, told me that when he was young he taught in a Sunday-school; and, as he went to his work one Sabbath morning, he met another teacher, to whom he said, 'You are going the wrong way this morning.' 'Oh!' said he, 'I am going to take a holiday this morning.' 'Indeed!' said my friend. 'Has your Master given you leave?' 'Master!' said the other, somewhat indignantly, fancying that the clergyman of the parish, as the head of the school, was alluded to. 'Master! Who is my master? Nobody can make me teach in these schools unless I choose to do it.' 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' said my friend, 'I did not mean to offend you; but I thought that your Master was Jesus Christ.' This was a good, a wholesome, and a most brotherly rebuke. I have told you this story for the purpose of rebuking any one here, or insinuating that they want any such rebuke; but for the purpose of impressing the truth that your Master is Jesus Christ, that all serve him, that all work for his sake and for his love; that you look for no reward and no praise save that which comes directly from him—that this truth is the ground to all successful and satisfactory work in every Sunday-school."

....The fifth anniversary of the Children's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian church in Morristown, N. J., is to be held next month. This church is the one where Gen. Washington worshiped when his army headquarters were at Morristown. Albert Barnes was later its pastor. Five years ago its Sunday-school raised only about $100 per annum. Then, by a course of systematic giving, it raised $800 in a year, again $400, and now nearly $1,000 for missionary purposes.

....Some of the best superintendents of neighborhood Sunday-schools, East and West, are women. A woman is often more ready than a man to attempt a work of this kind for Jesus, and more capable of doing it when ready.

....The best Sunday-school is the one which best honors Christ in its results. "One is your Master, even Christ." Only as you serve and glorify him do you do your proper work, teacher.

News of the Week.

THE rioting in Belfast, Ireland, of which we made mention in our last issue, continued throughout the past week, until on Saturday it was stated that the disorders had ceased and the city was once more quiet. But a later dispatch claims that the rioters have renewed their depredations on the public peace. At first the civic authorities exhibited a lamentable want of energy and courage in dealing with the difficulty; and at last the magistrates surrendered the city into the hands of the military, thus practically establishing martial law. All peaceable citizens were warned to remain within their houses, and the doors of the public houses were closed. Many serious collisions occurred between the rioters and the military, resulting in the loss of several lives. The mob destroyed many warehouses, first plundering them of their goods. Incendiary fires were numerous. The value of property thus far destroyed is estimated at $250,000.....There are also disturbances in other parts of Ireland. In Dublin the journeyman bakers are on a "strike," in consequence of which large numbers of the inhabitants are deprived of bread and are in a famishing condition. Intense excitement prevails and hundreds of women fill the streets, pouring imprecations upon the heads of the master bakers and inclined to riot. At Drogheda an outbreak is feared, and the military are confined to their barracks. There were serious disturbances at Largan, Province of Ulster, which required the interference of the military to restore order.....The British Parliament has passed an act prohibiting the use in any manufactory or other place of steam whistles or steam trumpets for the purpose of summoning men to work.

....A dispatch dated "Crossing, James River, Dacotah Territory, 22d inst." states that the military force (ten companies strong) which left the city of Sioux City escorting the surveying party engaged in selecting and designating the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad between the Red River of the North and the Upper Missouri was attacked, on the 19th inst., by a band of Sioux Indians. The details sent are meager; but are sufficient to indicate that the fight resulted in the repulse of the savages, with a considerable number killed and wounded. The loss of the troops was slight....The peace council held at Arapahoe Agency, on the 9th ult., between Col. McIntosh and the Arapahoe and Kiowa tribes, is stated to have been a failure. The Indians are exceeding desirous of obtaining the freedom of their chiefs, Santanta and Big Tree, now imprisoned in the Texas Penitentiary. Col. McIntosh urged upon them the necessity of living at peace with the whites, if they would exercise the liberty of their chiefs. To this Lone Wolf replied that he was ready to do all that was asked of him; but he must first have the soldiers removed, and until this was done the Kiowas would make no change in their way of living.

....West Virginia held her state election on Thursday last; but as yet the returns received are so meager as to preclude the possibility of determining accurately the result. The latest dispatches, although unofficial and conflicting, seem to render probable the election of Jacobs, the Independent Democratic candidate, by about 5,000 majority. The fate of the new constitution is not yet known. The Republicans in South Carolina have nominated a state ticket headed with the name of F. J. Moses, Jr.; and in Arkansas they have placed in nomination Elisha Baxter for governor. Their nominee for the office of superintendent of public instruction is a colored man.....In Missouri the convention of Liberal Republicans and that of the Democrats coalesced, and jointly placed in nomination a state ticket.....In Michigan the Liberal Republicans and Democrats have united on a state ticket headed by Gov. Austin Blair.

....A large number of firms in Chicago engaged in the wheat trade attempted last week to produce a "corner" in that staple, whereby they could cause a large rise in the price, and so net heavy profits to themselves. But the disreputable transaction was a failure; and, as a consequence, those engaged in it were heavy losers, some of them being utterly ruined. In twenty-four hours' time the price of wheat declined 49 cents per bushel. The "corner" was the greatest ever attempted. It is estimated that $2,500,000 were extracted from those "shorted" of wheat, while the total capital used in the transaction did not exceed $750,000.

....All the revolutionary leaders in Mexico have accepted the proffered amnesty except Garcia de Cadena, who, holding out defiantly, has been made prisoner. President Tejada entertains a kindly feeling for Porfirio Diaz, and will probably appoint him to some important office. State sovereignty has been restored to Puebla, Hidalgo, Tlascala, San Luis, and Zacatecas. President Tejada has negotiated a loan of $500,000, this being the first time in many years when the Government has enjoyed credit.

....A Geneva dispatch says that the work of the Tribunal of Arbitration is evidently drawing to a close, and will probably be completed before the 15th of September.... A dispatch from London states, on what the writer deems trustworthy authority, that there is reason to believe the Emperor of Germany will decide, in the San Juan question, that the boundary line should run through the Canal de Haro, which agrees with the claim urged by this country.

....The elections for members of the Spanish Cortes were held on the 24th inst., and passed off quietly. The result was a complete victory for the ministry, and a confirmation of the arrangements heretofore made that the party of progress was in the ascendant. The Radicals have elected a formidable majority to the Cortes, which completely ratifies the late action of the King in calling the cabinet members of that party.

....A telegram from Rome states that Archbishop de Merode, the almoner of the Pope, has gone to Brussels for the purpose of making arrangements with the Belgian ministry for the reception of the Holy Father in that country.

....Prof. C. H. F. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, discovered another new planet, of the 10th magnitude, on the night of the 24th inst., which will be classed as 124 of the groups of asteroids.

....The sessions of the International Statistical Congress were opened in St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 22d inst., with ceremonies of a solemn and impressive nature.

Pebbles.

A PEKIN (Ill.) woman was asked by the preacher if her husband feared the Lord. She replied: "Fear him! Why, bless you, he is so 'feared of him that he never goes out of the house on Sunday without taking his gun along.

....The statistician of an Eastern newspaper avers that the flies are so good-natured this season that a well-organized one will allow himself to be brushed off one's nose eighty-seven times and not show any temper.

....A reason why a piano was not saved at a fire was because none of the firemen could play on it.

....Why is a bashful girl like a chameleon? Because she often changes color.

...."*Flea*, thou obnoxious insect," is the atest for "shoo fly."

....A carriage wheel grows less tired the more it works.

....The greatest nutmeg ever known met with a grater.

....What nation produces most marriages? Fasci-nation.

....The table of interest is the dinner table.

....A jewel of an uncle: A carb-uncle.

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Address

HENRY C. BOWEN,

Publisher of The Independent,

P. O. Box 2737,

New York.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT by DAVID W. LEWIS & CO., Nos. 85 and 87 Broad, cor. South William Street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain, etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 11,407 pckgs. Exports for the week were 445 pckgs. The writer has just returned from a trip through the Northern dairy districts, and has canvassed reports from other districts through the states. The hay crop has been good, and after feed is looking fine, excepting in some small areas among hill farms, where grasshoppers have swarmed, and dairymen have had to fodder their stock. It seems to be a prolific year, when all crops are abundant, and the dairy product especially bids fair to exceed the average per cow of several years back. The amount of Butter made is large; but the unusual heat of the summer and large proportion of dairy cellars that are unfit for the storage of Butter, and the carrying of milk to Cheese factories late into autumn, on account of the better relative price of Cheese, will all tend to shrink the proportion of fine and fresh-make Butter, so that really fine, well-kept dairies will be well sustained in price, while common kinds and dairies injured by the heat of the summer will be plenty and low. Butter from a dilatory dairy is a necessity in every family. Send for circular, describing its wonderful economy and capacity.

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 40,738 boxes. Exports for the week were 66,128 boxes. Cable, Gold, 113. The market is excited and prices are higher. Shippers were unable to fill their freight engagements this week. Some sales of fancy Factories are reported at 14¼ cts.; but the bulk of stock went at 13½, 13¾, and 14 cts. We quote:

Fancy State Factories	14 @14¼
Prime "	13 @13¾
Fair to good "	12 @12¾
Ohio Factories	12 @12¾
Private Dairies	11 @13
Skimmed and Common Cheese	3 @10

EGGS.—There has been a good steady demand all the week and prices ruled higher at the close. There a more stock arriving, and prices are hardly so firm. We quote:

Near-by marks, per doz	23 @—
Western, Express, per doz	23 @—
" Cases, per doz	22 @23

LIVE POULTRY.—There have been free arrivals and good demand. Prices are unchanged. We quote:

Spring Chickens, per pair	50 @ 75
Fowls, per lb	15 @ 16
Turkeys	15 @ 20
Ducks, per pair	75 @1 00
Geese	62 00 @ 2 75

BEESWAX.—Sales at 34@35 cts.

TALLOW is quiet at 8½@8¾ cts.

ASHES are steady. Pots $8 25. Pearls are firm at 11.

BEANS—Market is dull. We quote:

Marrows, per bushel	$3 00@$3 75
Mediums, "	2 75@ 3 00
Kidneys, "	3 00@ 3 50
Pea, "	3 00@ 3 25

POTATOES.—There has been good demand and prices are strong. We quote:

Early Rose, Long Island	$2 25@ 2 50
" " Jersey	2 12@ 2 37

DRIED FRUITS.—Receipts of new are light. Market is very quiet and prices are nominal. We quote:

Apples, State, quarters	6@ 9
" " eighths	7@ 9
" Western	7@ 8
Peaches, peeled	13@16
" unpeeled, quarters	8@ 9
" " halves	6@ 6½
Blackberries	8@ 8½
Plums	None.
Cherries, per lb	6@10

ASH. gold, — 39 @— 41
Commercial 61 @— 63
Cres. No. 1 gold 61 @— 62
Conterra Am — 14@— 15
Cresc'nt Par — 34@— 37
Cubets E. I. — 8@— 9
Dutch, gold — 5@— 6
Epsom Salts — 2½@— 3
Gamboge, c — 61@— 65
" " pr — 70@— 71
Gum Arabic
sift — 34@— 54
Gum Benzoin — 40@— —
Gum Myrrh
E. I. — 42@— 46
Gum Opium
Tr. — 42@— 45
Gum Tragacanth — 25@— 35
Gum Tragacanth 55@—

NOTICES.

☞ All communications for the Editorial Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this journal should be addressed to **The Editor of The Independent, P. O. Box 2787.**

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☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, August 29th, 1872.

THE PRAYER-GAUGE AGAIN.

THE physicists are pushing their proposal of a prayer-guage with much urgency. The shock of surprise and revulsion with which the suggestion has been received by everybody who believes in prayer is pointed to by them as proof that the shaft of Professor Tyndall's friend has struck the weak spot in the defenses of the supernaturalists. The unwillingness of Christian men to enter the lists with them, in a grand tournament of investigation, is an evidence to them that we have no faith in prayer—that not put this matter to the proof. rse, the rights of free logic are not disputed; and, if any man wants to s inference, there is no law against uld seem, however, that a little charitable construction might be put upon this circumstance. If a man's neighbors should challenge him to an investigation into the fidelity of his wife, he might, perhaps, be permitted to decline, without being told that he had lost all faith in his wife's fidelity. Such a refusal would no doubt be conclusive proof of a very unscientific spirit on his part; but most of us plead guilty to something of the same feeling. There are a few subjects concerning which we do not care to have scientific knowledge; a few values which we do not care to estimate in figures.

It must be remembered that, by the very terms of Professor Tyndall's proposition, nobody would pray who did not believe in the efficacy of prayer. A petition offered by one who did not believe in prayer would have no effect. Those who do believe in prayer would not, of course, enter into such an arrangement as Professor Tyndall proposes, for the sake of convincing themselves that their prayers are not in vain. They have no curiosity to satisfy, no doubts to set at rest. When they pray, it is for some higher purpose than simply to test the Divine beneficence. When they pray, they are not in a skeptical frame of mind; and, therefore, such traps as that which Professor Tyndall proposes to set would never catch their thoughts.

But, granting that those who pray are themselves satisfied of the efficacy of prayer, why, it may be asked, should they not unite in prosecuting an experiment of this sort, by which others who are doubtful may be convinced? Would not the great stimulus which the faith of the world would receive from this scientific demonstration of the benefits of prayer far outweigh these personal and sentimental considerations which have been mentioned? If Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley can be made to see and confess that prayer is not a dumb show, but the application of a mighty force to human affairs, if all the prayerless can be pointed to a careful and sufficient induction of facts by which the efficacy of prayer is established beyond gainsaying, would not that result be of incalculable value to the Christian Church, and should not that benevolence by which Christians pretend to be actuated lead them to enter with enthusiasm upon such an experiment?

The most obvious answer to this question is that all such schemes as that for which Professor Tyndall is sponsor are impracticable. Such a concentration of prayer upon one small section of suffering humanity could never be effected. The very impulse that moves to prayer would move to defeat every such arrangement. For, suppose that the patients in a single ward of a hospital of this city were set apart for special prayer. This fact would immediately enlist the sympathies of Christian people in behalf of those patients for whom special prayers were *not* requested. Humane persons, who believe in praying for the sick, would find it quite impossible to omit these from their supplications. The pity with which the true Christian always regards those who are in distress, and which leads him to dispense his benefits without partiality, would be much too strong for his curiosity.

Furthermore, every Christian knows that such an appeal as is proposed would be in direct opposition to the precepts and the example of his Master. Christ was confronted at every step in his earthly ministry by this very demand. "Show us a sign from Heaven, that we may believe," cried the Pharisees and the Sadducees. But the Master steadily refused to perform miracles for purposes of display. His mighty works were not responses to the queries of the incredulous; they were the natural expression of his own perfect love for men.

Moreover, it is useless to expect, as the result of such an investigation, a degree of certainty which would convince men of their need of prayer and lead them to pray. If there were any room for doubt, men would continue to doubt; and it would be impossible to secure a result which would put the efficacy of prayer beyond the possibility of doubt. If the induction should seem to prove it, it would still be said that some undiscovered physical cause had produced the results ascribed to prayer; or, possibly, that the knowledge on the part of the patients that they were being prayed for had stimulated their hope and increased their recuperative power.

Indeed, it is quite impossible to reach certainty upon any of those deep subjects which lie at the foundation of all religion by means of scientific investigation. The existence of God cannot be demonstrated by science. It may be rendered probable; it can never be made certain. The most elaborate induction of facts does not prove a God. After you have marshaled all your arguments, you must end by simply believing. Creation is not to be logically explained. No man can reconcile the fact that this universe had a beginning with his belief in God's perfect benevolence. It is only by faith that we understand that the worlds were made, and that they were made at the right time. So it is by faith that we believe that God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Men can ask us plenty of hard questions about the relations of prayer to natural law; but we are reassured by the thought that no theory of the universe has ever been propounded, from that of the Atheist up through all the grades of Theism, which was not open to precisely the same puzzling queries. The Christian, in a personal God, who holds communion with men, and who is not debarred by his own laws from conferring blessings on them when they ask him, is, at least, as rational and as easily maintained against objectors as any possible theory.

Furthermore, we find, on looking about us, some strong assurances that there is a God, and that he does answer prayer. In all nations and in all ages men have been praying. Prayer is the universal utterance of mankind. This seems to us a tremendous fact—one that the scientists may well take into the account. Mr. Galton says that prayer is only a signal of distress, the outcry of the hare when the hounds are on her track; that the outstretched hands of the worshiper are but the gestures of insanity, that the voices which in all the lands to-day lift up their supplications to a Being above them for help are but the mocking echoes of a profitless delusion. We are not quite ready yet to accept a theory of human history so dismal as this. The fact that all men everywhere do pray affords to us, at least, a strong presumption that prayer is not in vain.

We know, too, that we have free wills, and that we interfere every day with the workings of natural law. This dreadful uniformity which the physicists talk about does not fetter us. We work from above upon the chains of cause and effect, and secure results that Nature, without our volition, would never have produced. If we can do it, why may not God?

"But what, after all, is the use of prayer?" persists the doubter. "If God is infinitely wise and good, and if he is governing the world by his infinite wisdom and goodness, will his purposes be changed by our prayer? Will he not do for us and for all men what is best for all, without our asking him?" The answer is plain. God certainly permits us to help in making the world in which we live a better world, and the men with whom we live better men. That we know. And, if he can find room for us to help him in his work, it is not absurd to suppose that he can find room in his counsels for our prayers.

If any man wants probable evidence of the value of prayer, let him look around him. Christendom is that evidence. All men pray; but the lands where prayer has been most constant and most free from all entanglements of human invention and ritual are the lands which are freest and most enlightened. Christianity as a civilizing force is itself worthy of some account; and Christianity is founded on prayer. Such evidence as this ought to be sufficient; and we confess that we do not expect to find any better. Any search after God by the Baconian method; any attempt to quantify and formulate prayer as a physical force will, we are quite certain, prove unsuccessful. They who will not believe without evidence of this character must remain unbelievers.

JUAREZ.

IF shows how little we know of our next neighbors, just beyond our southern frontiers, that the death of Benito Juarez, the late President of Mexico, has made so slight an impression on the public mind. And yet he was one of the marked men of the age, and one of the ablest that has stamped his image upon it. His will be one of the few names of military and political leaders in Mexico that will have a permanent and conspicuous place in general history; and a most prominent one, perhaps the most so, after Iturbide and Santa Anna, in that of his own country. The frantic expedition sent by Bonaparte into Mexico and the tragic fate of Maximilian are picturesque events that lay hold of the popular imagination and secure to them a general remembrance; and with them the name of Juarez is inseparably connected. But he has better and more substantial claims to be remembered, especially by his own people, for his honest endeavors to lead them out of the wilderness of perpetual revolution, into the promised land of constitutional restraint and national liberty.

The first thing to be observed about him is that he was of pure Indian blood. Iturbide and Santa Anna were both of them of Spanish extraction. It probably would have seemed as strange to the governing race sixty years ago to be told that Indians would hold high office and give a great political character to American affairs as it would to a slaveholder, or indeed to most of us, twenty years ago, to be told the same thing of a negro. The Indian race, however, had vindicated their political rights before Juarez, and had risen to office. Indeed, Alvarez, who held the provisional presidency after the expulsion of Santa Anna, in 1855, was also a full-blooded Indian. Juarez was born about sixty-five years ago, in Oaxaca, one of the southern states of Mexico, in extreme poverty. His battle with life began with its beginning; but he fought his way to the best education within his reach, and became a doctor of laws and an advocate. He distinguished himself highly at the bar, and was elected first to the legislature of his state, and in 1846 to the National Congress. There he was most active in promoting the secularization of the property of the Church, principally to provide funds for the war with this country. This measure was not fully carried; but, chiefly through the efforts of Juarez a law of mortmain, as we should call it, regulating the holding of real estate by religious corporations, was enacted, and a heavy forced loan extracted from them. As governor of his native state of Oaxaca, he carried through reforms which entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his fellow-citizens. When Santa Anna entered upon his second dictatorship, in 1853, Juarez had his experience of common fate of all eminent men in all the southern republics, and was sent into exile. He was not inactive, however, and took part in the insurrection which brought Santa Anna's presidency for life to a close at the end of two years, and was made minister of justice in the cabinet of Alvarez, the provisional president. When Alvarez was succeeded by Comonfort, Juarez was made minister of the interior and afterward chief-justice of the Supreme Court. Presently Zuloaga came along and upset Comonfort, and made himself president. Juarez, on the forced abdication of Comonfort, became by the constitution provisional president; and, retiring to Vera Cruz, he exercised his functions as such over that part of the republic. Zuloaga, and afterward Miramon, who shared the short-lived glories and the fate of Maximilian, reigned in the cabinet over all who acknowledged their sway. They depended on the support of the Church party and of the European Powers, who recognized their government as that of Mexico, Juarez relying on the nearer and more effective countenance of the United States.

This double government lasted for about three years, till it was ended by the battles of Siloa and San Miguelito; and, Miramon having fled, Juarez entered the City of Mexico in triumph, Jan. 12th, 1861. He summoned a meeting of Congress, which confirmed him in his rights as constitutional president. He now carried through his policy of hostility to the Church, establishing civil marriage, putting the religious order on the footing of gradual abolition, confiscating the property of the Church and banishing several of the bishops. His next measure was one of more questionable morality or even policy, if it were not extorted by absolute necessity. He suspended for two years payments to foreign creditors, which arrayed the Powers of Europe against him. The English and French ministers demanded their passports, and the triple expedition of these powers with Spain was made ostensibly for the enforcement of the dues of their subjects. Really so, as far as England and Spain were concerned; while this was but the cover of Bonaparte's scheme of establishing a protectorate over Mexico, with Maximilian as his satrap. England and Spain soon discovered that they were to be but the tools of Bonaparte's selfish ambition, and withdrew their forces under cover of the Convention of la Soledad, negotiated by Doblado, the plenipotentiary of Juarez. Bonaparte persevered, and everybody remembers what followed. His forces were at first defeated at Puebla; but, very strongly re-enforced, finally secured the entrance of Maximilian into Mexico, June 6th, 1864. Juarez retired into the northern corner of the republic. The war went on with various success, but tending all the time to the downfall of the empire. Our civil war ended in the suppression of the Rebellion, on the success of which Bonaparte had chiefly built his hopes. Mr. Seward ordered a ship of war in the West Indies to receive Santa Anna with a full salute. Bonaparte saw the game was up, and his myrmidons sneaked out of Mexico, leaving Maximilian behind him, who, at least, refused to desert his followers and remained to share their fate. He was shut up in Queratero, taken, tried, and shot; not for usurping the crown, but for having ordered many hundreds of Mexican prisoners to be shot as brigands. He legally deserved the fate he met, though morally it should have overtaken Bazaine, who extorted the order. Juarez had his hands strengthened by the fact that the clerical party had been foremost in sustaining the usurpation. He was re-elected in 1867, and again in 1871; this time, however, not without opposition. Porfirio Diaz disputed his election and raised another rebellion, which at one time threatened to become a revolution. The energetic measures of Juarez had virtually put an end to it, and he was on the point of entering on a prosperous and beneficent administration, when he was struck with the apoplexy, and died on the 18th of last month. His death, to all human seeming, appears to have been as great a calamity for Mexico as the murder of Lincoln for the United States. He was in a position to give to Mexico the settled government of laws protecting life and property, which is all she needs to develop her immense material resources. It may be that Manifest Destiny points to her being finally united with us; but we could wish that she should be tamed and civilized before that destiny is fulfilled

SELF-DEGLUTITION.

ABOUT the middle of the last century a great company—in this age perhaps it would be styled a convention—was assembled in the New Theater in the Haymarket, by the advertisement of an adept who promised to put himself into a common wine-bottle, assisted by another, who would perform the apparently difficult feat of jumping down his own throat. An assembly of the highest distinction, which would have done credit to the Baltimore Opera House, came together—among them the Butcher Duke of Cumberland, so surnamed for his cruelties after the Battle of Culloden. It so happened that neither of these professors appeared, after carrying off the money; and the audience had nothing for it but to smash the lusters and break up the seats. The Royal Duke lost his diamond-hilted sword in the *mêlée*, which gave rise to the cry, "The Butcher Boy has lost his knife!" Singular to say, the opinion generally prevailed at that time that the men were imposters, and undertook to do what was naturally impossible. Another proof of the cramping effect of monarchical institutions! Had they lived at this day and in this free country, they would have found that nothing was easier. We do not know, indeed, that there have been any examples of public men or their political followers putting themselves into a bottle; but then, there are so many of such capable of putting a bottle into themselves, that perhaps this may be accepted as an equivalent. But as to jumping down one's own throat, it is so common and familiar as to have long since ceased to attract any particular attention. In short, it has been common even to vulgarity. Quite as much so, indeed, as biting one's own nose off.

At Baltimore, for instance, in the Opera House to which we have already alluded, we saw not a single artist upon the stage gulping himself down; but the whole audience, with one consent, opening their mouths and jumping down their own throats with a greedy appetite, and seeming as if they liked it. It was a mouthful we should not have relished ourselves; but they all rolled it like a sweet morsel under their tongues—all one as if it had been sin or a chew of tobacco. What the representatives did at Baltimore their constituents have been eagerly doing on their own account at home; not single spies, but in battalions. If, after thus making a meal of themselves, they had become assimilated into something better, we might all rejoice in this absorption of their own identity. But no such blessed metamorphosis or metempsychosis ensued. Copperhead and Rebel came out of the deglutitory process at least as much the child of Hell as he went into it. This peculiar diet, indeed, seems to have a certain intoxicating effect on some of those that have indulged in it—and those, too, persons who had always seemed measurably sober and clear-sighted. These are so far deceived as to believe that this simple operation is all that is necessary to work a complete regeneration or change of heart in the vilest of sinners. Though they were before red like crimson, they became at once white as wool. Leopards changed their spots and Ethiopians their skins in the twinkling of an eye. Indeed, so thoroughly has this latter cuticular permutation been effected that the most malignant of the old slavemasters cannot discern that their former slaves in the skins of colored like their own, and embrace them as brothers beloved of the whitest persuasion. Indeed, it is probable that, should the crucial test question which the Abolitionists had to undergo—"Would you like to have your daughter marry a nigger?"—be put to them, it would call forth an emphatic and enthusiastic affirmative.

Of course, there are differences in the facility with which different men disappear down their own throats. A good deal depends on practice. By frequent repetitions of the process, doubtless, the gullet grows more and more practicable, and a man slips down almost without knowing it. This is probably the case with a gallant general from the Bay State, also one of her representatives in Congress, who has recently performed this solemn rite of self-sacrifice. He has found it to conduce so materially to his political health and comfort in times past that it is not surprising that he should hope to benefit by it in the future. But not so with the eminent senator from the same state, who has recently succeeded in forcing himself down his own throat, with groanings that cannot be uttered. It cannot be that he did not stick in the passage; and he must have been got down only by painful strainings, accompanied by many a wry face. He is too big to make it possible that it should have been otherwise. He must have been near choking more than once. But, having accomplished the difficult feat, the unusual ailment had the usual disturbing effect on his brain. He, too, sees the miraculous conversion of the chiefest of sinners. Tweed restores his plunder to the city treasury, and goes back to making chairs for a living. The white lion and the black lamb lie down together in the pleasant fields of the South. He exhorts the innocents whom he calls his "wards" to play on the hole of the asp and lay their hands on the cockatrice's den, in full assurance of safety and advantage. He is evidently suffering under a surfeit of himself—a distemper, perhaps, the most difficult to cure in the whole range of moral nosology. We most heartily wish him a happy issue out of this affliction, which cannot be had unless by the removal of the cause of the disease—"*nisi causa morbi fugerit venis.*" Until then the utmost we can do is to wish, as Sidney Smith did to the missionary bishop of New Zealand, in view of the probability of his being dined off of by one of his catechumens—that he may *disagree* with himself.

LAMON'S "LINCOLN."

IT is impossible to conceive of a more disreputable way of writing history than that which Ward H. Lamon uses in his references to the personal life and the character of Abraham Lincoln. What are we to think of a biographer who disposes of the authority of his hero, and that hero "Honest Abe Lincoln," by an accusation such as the following: "If Mr. Lincoln ever made the statement for which Mr. Seward is given as authority, *he drew upon his imagination for the facts*"? It is in this fashion that Lamon gets rid of Mr. Lincoln's story, related to Mr. Seward, of "How I earned my first dollar." He expressly denies all the particulars of the story, and gets out of the difficulty thus created by suggesting that Mr. Lincoln palmed off a fable upon Mr. Seward.

But this is only a mild specimen of Lamon's method of creating a Lincoln after his own imagination. Many of our readers remember the very remarkable narrative which Rev. Dr. Gulliver, lately president of Knox College, Ill., gave to THE INDEPENDENT of Sept. 1st., 1864, with reference to a long and very cordial and earnest interview between Mr. Lincoln and Dr. Gulliver, before the former was elected President. No single report of Mr. Lincoln's talk, it may be safely said, ever placed the man and the statesman in a happier light, or was more worthy of a biographer's attention. Yet this is disposed of by Lamon in the following characteristic fashion:

"On the morning after the Norwich speech, Mr. Lincoln was met, or is said to have been met, in the cars by a preacher—one Gulliver, a name suggestive of fictions—who says he told Mr. Lincoln that he thought his speech 'the most remarkable one he ever heard.' Lincoln doubted his sincerity; but Gulliver persisted. 'Indeed, sir,' said he, 'I learned more of the art of public speaking last evening than I could from a whole course of lectures on rhetoric.' Lincoln found he had in hand a clerical sycophant, and a little politician at that—a class of beings whom he most heartily despised. Wherefore, to quiz the fellow, and told him, for a most 'remarkable circumstance,' that the professors of Yale College were running all round after him, taking notes of his speeches and lecturing about him to the classes. 'Now,' continued he, 'I should like very much to know what it was in my speech which you thought so remarkable, and which interested my friend, the Professor, so much?' Gulliver was equal to the occasion, and answered with an opinion which Mr. Bunsby might have delivered, and died, leaving to the world a reputation perfected by that single saying. 'The clearness of your statements,' said Gulliver, 'the unanswerableness of your reasoning, and especially your illustrations, which were romance and pathos and fun and logic all welded together.' Gulliver closed the interview with the card peculiar to his kind. 'Mr. Lincoln,' said he, 'may I say one thing to you before we separate?' 'Certainly, anything you please,' replied the good-natured old Abe. 'You have just spoken,' preached Gulliver, 'of the tendency of political life in Washington to debase the moral convictions of our representatives there, by the admixture of mere political expediency. You have become, by the controversy with Mr. Douglas, one of our leaders in this great struggle with slavery, which is undoubtedly the struggle of the nation and the age. What I would like to say is this, and I say it with a full heart: Be true to your principles, *and we will be true to you, and God will be true to us all.*' To which modest, pious, and original observation Mr. Lincoln responded: 'I say Amen to that! Amen to that!"

In this single passage we have the veracious, intelligent, sagacious Lamon complete. He thinks he knows his man in his sneers at Dr. Gulliver! He imagines his literary judgment decisive. And what he does not know of true piety is not worth knowing. So much can egotism and ignorance do for a ribald falsifier, who has rashly presumed upon his acquaintance with corner-grocery and barroom politics to invent a life of Abraham Lincoln!

Mr. Lamon's quotations show that he bases his account on Dr. Gulliver's own statement, originally published in THE INDEPENDENT, and quoted by Mr. Carpenter in his volume. In that account it was truthfully stated that Mr. Lincoln said to Dr. Gulliver, at the close of the long conversation which the two gentlemen had, as they rode together in the cars: "I want to thank you for this conversation. I have enjoyed it very much." It was also stated that Mr. Lincoln received with evident pleasure Dr. Gulliver's last words, which Lamon describes as "the cant peculiar to his kind." The exact terms of Dr. Gulliver's truthful and unexaggerated account were these: "His homely face lighted up instantly with a beaming expression, and, taking my hand warmly in both of his, he said: 'I can say *Amen* to that! AMEN to that!" It was with this indisputable evidence of Mr. Lincoln's sincerity and earnestness before him that Lamon pretended that Dr. Gulliver was regarded by Mr. Lincoln as a despicable, canting sycophant.

So at the outset of his tissue of falsehoods Lamon says that Mr. Lincoln "is said to have been met by one Gulliver." He knew that Mr. Lincoln and Dr. Gulliver were "introduced" at the railway station, and that, on entering the cars, the former "beckoned" the latter to "take a seat with him." Lamon represents Dr. Gulliver as trying gross flattery upon Mr. Lincoln, to the disgust of the latter; and says that "Lincoln doubted his sincerity, but Gulliver persisted," and that "Lincoln found he had in hand a clerical sycophant." But Dr. Gulliver's statement, which Lamon builds on, was that it was in "a vein of pleasantry," started by Mr. Lincoln himself, that the speech was alluded to by Dr. G. as "one of the most extraordinary he ever heard"; and that Mr. Lincoln himself came back to the subject, after getting Dr. G. seated with him in the cars, "and said, in a most agreeably frank way: 'Were you sincere in what you said about my speech, just now?'" Lamon says, also, that Mr. Lincoln "began to quiz the fellow," on getting Dr. Gulliver's answer, and for the fun of it told him a story about "the professors of Yale College running all around after him," etc. But Lamon knew that only one professor was spoken of, and that the conversation was a sincere and serious one, and that Mr. Lincoln said of Dr. Gulliver's part in it: "I am very much obliged to you for this. I have been wishing for a long time to find some one who would make this analysis for me"; and that Mr. Lincoln, in fact, drew out Dr. Gulliver's "analysis" by saying: "I should like very much to know what it was in my speech you thought so remarkable; and what you suppose interested my friend, the Professor, so much."

The veracious Lamon says that Mr. Lincoln referred to "the professors of Yale," and told a yarn about them. We have just heard the true story of all this from the Professor in question, Prof. Mark Bailey, who was so much impressed with Mr. Lincoln's speech in New Haven that he followed him to Meriden and had a conversation with him, as the two rode together in a carriage, with reference to the peculiar power of his speaking. But this Mr. Lamon affects to consider a yarn, designed to 'quiz the fellow"—Dr. Gulliver. We may add that the same illustration which struck Dr. Gulliver as so remarkable struck Prof. Bailey in the same way, and was the first point which he brought up in his conversation with Mr. Lincoln, and that the latter told him when that illustration first occurred to him. It was the story of the snakes, and it first occurred to Mr. Lincoln at Concord, N. H., while he was on his feet, in the midst of an argument.

Mr. Lamon quotes three lines as Dr. Gulliver's "Bunsby" answer; not only omitting the rest, but omitting to remark that the answer in question was prolonged, at Mr. Lincoln's request, to a criticism "occupying some half an hour," and drawing from Mr. Lincoln the expression of hearty thanks which we have already quoted.

To such disgraceful falsehood has this Lamon descended, with an evident vulgar and profane motive, in merely copying a passage of the authentic history of Mr. Lincoln! That he has a vulgar distaste for religion, and a conceit of knowledge which incapacitates him for truthful recital, is a fact made painfully evident by this single specimen. Here was as respectable and authentic a piece of testimony as could possibly have been produced; and Mr. Lamon deems it the part of an historian undisguisedly to falsify it, on no ground whatever but his own low motive to doubt it and his ribald imagination of what the facts may have been! How often has this falsification been the source of Lamon's facts? If we could in a similar way go behind all of this "fellow's" characteristic statements, might we not find a similar forgery of history the sole ground of his attempt to show that Abraham Lincoln was one of his sort—a scoffer, infidel, demagogue, bully, and clown—who, by luck of some remarkable virtues attributed to him, was well nigh worshiped by a grateful generation?

Editorial Notes.

THE Republicans of this state have done a very wise thing in placing the name of General John A. Dix at the head of their ticket for state officers. Though originally a Democrat, he has for the last twelve years generally acted and voted with the Republican party. The country during the war had no truer patriot than General Dix. Last fall he gave the whole weight of his influence to the reform movement, which was designed to break down the Tammany Ring in both the City and the State of New York. His character has always been above reproach, and his eminent abilities render him a fitting man to be governor of the Empire State. His scathing letter in regard to the Greeley-Democratic coalition gave the fullest proof, if any were needed, that General Dix remains true to the principles which he held during the war. His nomination is equivalent to his election, and that, too, by a large majority. There are thousands of War Democrats in the state, whose natural place is with the Republican party, and who, under the leadership of General Dix, will this fall give it their cordial support. This we regard as settling the question for Mr. Greeley so far as the State of New York is concerned. The Greeley and Fenton faction having gone over to the Democracy, Republicans are now a unit in respect to both national and state politics. With General Grant for their standard-bearer in the one relation and the honored name of General Dix in the other, they will sweep the state. The name, too, of Frederick Douglass at the head of the ticket for presidential electors is an honor to this party and the state which he specially represents. First a slave by birth, then a fugitive from bondage, then a freedman by purchase, then a citizen by the Fourteenth Amendment, and then a voter by the Fifteenth Amendment, the accomplished colored orator, in his present position, indicates what the Republican party has accomplished for the cause of equal justice in a very brief period. In thus honoring him Republicans have honored themselves, and given a practical expression to their principles. We predict for the whole ticket a triumphant election.

SOME papers are making strenuous efforts to prove that Senator Wilson was once a Know-Nothing, and that, therefore, no foreigner can vote for him. They have quoted a few of his lips savage denunciations of foreigners, which he stigmatizes as base and baseless forgeries, while he claims that he has always been an earnest advocate of equal rights for all men. Whereupon it is replied by the *Tribune* that his assertion is false, that he *was* a Know-Nothing; and it goes on to prove by testimony that he was such. We supposed nobody doubted that he did join that anomalous and useful order; and he has never denied the fact. Mr. Wilson was not one of those who organized the so-called Know-Nothing or American party. He kept out of it for a long time, until he saw, what a great many other good men saw, that it could be used to break up the old Whig party; and then he joined it. What such men as Mr. Wilson wanted was, to give all men their just rights, and that general proposition in those days meant, when specialized, that the negroes should be liberated from slavery. This was resisted by a coalition of Southern slaveholders and Irish Catholics, composing the Democratic party. The Whigs (including Mr. Greeley) were too strongly hampered by old party bonds to engage with the Free Soilers in the crusade for liberty; and it became a matter of course for their hatred for the herd of Irish Catholic Democrats to sever their connection with the dying Whig party. Though this was not the object which the founders of the American movement had in view, it was the object of many shrewd men, like Mr. Wilson, who went into it later, and who, when its mission was ended, aided in burying an organization whose principles were false, but which yet served a useful purpose. It helped the negroes, by indirection, and did the Irish no hurt. To say that Mr. Wilson is no true friend to the immigrant because, for the sake of the negro, he temporarily joined the Know-Nothing movement is to misapprehend the history of that curious episode in our political history.

THE Southern politicians of the Calhoun and Jefferson Davis school who headed the great Rebellion claimed that the Union was a mere league of states; and hence that any state, at its own discretion, and as sole and final judge of the occasion therefor, might withdraw from the Union whenever it should see fit to do so. Mr. Greeley, the Tammany candidate for the Presidency, at the commencement of the war took still higher ground, and in this respect out-Heroded Calhoun himself. He insisted that the Southern States had the natural right of secession, above and in spite of all constitutions, and declared himself utterly opposed to all "coercive measures" by the Government to prevent them from exercising this right. This doctrine he published in 1860, 1861, and 1862, and has never since recalled the utterance. It is not surprising that the ex-rebels and the Klu-Klux Klans, who still believe in the "lost cause," should so generally regard him as a candidate just suited to their fancy. Let Mr. Greeley be elected, and another rebellion occur, and, unless he has changed his mind, he would employ no "coercive measures" to prevent a fatal rupture of the Union. No man with such a theory in his head or his heart is fit to be President of these United States.

AN old legal maxim said: "The husband and the wife are but one, and that one is the husband." It is evident enough from all their action that the Democratic and the Liberal Republican parties are but one, and that one the Democratic. They hold their separate conventions; but they manage to have these conventions generally coincident as to date and place, and always so as to measures and candidates. Their plan is not only to elect Mr. Greeley, but also to secure a Democratic ascendency in Congress and in the legislatures of the several states. If they succeed in electing Mr. Greeley, they expect also to have the majority in the House of Representatives. The Senate of the United States is now largely Republican, being composed of twenty-three Democrats and Greeley Republicans and fifty-one Republicans; yet the terms of seventeen of these senators expire on the 4th of next March. The Greeley coalitionists hope, by carrying the state legislatures, to fill the most of these vacancies occurring next March with men of their own stripe, and thus gain complete control of the National Government. The prize for which they are playing is not simply the Presidency, but also the two houses of Congress. If they win in respect to the former, they can hardly fail in respect to the latter. Are Republicans prepared to accept these results? A vote for Mr. Greeley is a vote cast for the Democracy. He has to all intents and purposes become a Democrat; and, if elected, would be compelled to make his administration Democratic.

MR. GREELEY'S organ is not a little annoyed with the former commendations of General Grant by the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It pronounces "these certificates of good character" to be "mostly forgeries," and cites the following instances:

"Grant and his policy deserve the very highest credit."

"General Grant has never been beaten, and he never will be."

"The people of the United States know General Grant."

What does the *Tribune* say in respect to these alleged "forgeries"? Let it speak for itself:

"Now, it is evident that *if* Mr. Greeley ever did give the Doctor [General Grant] these certificates of character, they must have been obtained under false pretenses."

What is this editorial scribe or thinking about? First, he declares the quoted endorsements of General Grant by Greeley to be "forgeries"; and then, before the ink is dry, practically admits their genuineness, by interposing an *if*, and attempting to explain how these said endorsements were obtained. Mr. Greeley did *not* give them at all; yet, if he did give them, it was under "false pretenses" practiced upon him. O, Shame! where is thy blush? Why undertake to deny what the columns of the *Tribune* so abundantly prove? The present clamor of the *Tribune* against General Grant needs no better answer than the utterances of Mr. Greeley before he took it into his head to be President himself.

THE executive committee of the Boston Jubilee report a deficit of $210,000. This is to be made up by a grand concert and ball, for which one hundred thousand tickets are to be issued, at three dollars each, six of which tickets, drawn by lot on the day of the concert, will entitle their holders to the ownership of the Coliseum. This appears to us a very ignoble ending of a magnificent affair. There is reason to fear that the benefits to musical art which have resulted from the Jubilee will be more than counterbalanced by the injury done to public morals by this enormous lottery. In the first place, this project is a flimsily-concealed evasion of a plain law. The statutes expressly forbid all raffles and gift enterprises, and this is nothing else. A hundred thousand tickets are to be sold, and at least nine-tenths of the persons who buy tickets, as these managers know, will buy for the chance in the drawing, and not for the sake of the concert and ball. That is what the enterprise means. The real thing is a lottery; the concert and ball are a thin screen which the managers have put up to avoid prosecution. The letter of the law is kept, but the spirit is broken. The sharper on Chatham street, who sells a cake of soap for three dollars, and gives to the purchaser a chance to take his pick from a package of empties, one of which contains a fifty dollar bill, does business on exactly the same principle. There ought to be a moral sense in New England strong enough to put this enterprise right down. We are all sorry for the losses of these projectors of the Jubilee, who have worked hard, and with no remuneration, to provide a great festival for the people. We should be glad to help them out of their trouble in any lawful way. But this vice of lottery gambling is one of the most destructive vices known to our civilization, and one which in all its disguises and under all its pious pretexts good men ought continually to fight. We shall be glad to know, therefore, that the Jubilee lottery is an ignominious failure.

THE interminable feud between the Orangemen and the Ribbonmen has broken forth with fearful violence; and it is hard to say what the end of the fight will be. After the riots of 1866, Parliament passed a law forbidding processions in Ireland. This law was recently repealed; and its repeal was celebrated by the Orangemen of Belfast, on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, last July. They were not interfered with by the Catholics; but the latter proposed to show their gratitude for the repeal of the act by the celebration of the anniversary of Catholic emancipation. Of course, the Catholics had a perfect right to engage in this celebration. Their procession was no more offensive to the Orangemen than the Orangemen's procession had been to them. The Orangemen had not been molested; and the Catholics might, therefore, for a double reason claim forbearance. Nevertheless, they were assailed by the Protestants as they were peaceably passing through the streets. The dispatches leave no doubt that the Protestants were the aggressors; though it is probable that the attack was violently repelled, and for the subsequent disorder both parties are chargeable. The intelligence which we have makes it clear that, if there has been any difference between the two parties, the Orangemen have borne the palm of savagery. Men, women, and children have been killed. Citizens walking the streets have been shot down without provocation. Stores and warehouses have been demolished, and their contents carried off by the mob. Even schoolhouses belonging to the Catholics have been destroyed, and attempts have been made to burn churches and other Roman Catholic institutions. Latterly the desire for plunder has been the prevailing motive of the rioters; the original feud having been forgotten. The authorities appear to have been utterly inefficient and cowardly. Martial law was not proclaimed till the riot had been raging several days, and even then the resistance to the mob was of the most feeble description. It seems to have tired itself out, instead of having been put down. We desire to call the attention of our extreme anti-Popery friends on this side of the water to this exhibition of Protestant intolerance and cruelty. The next book which is published containing the accounts of Roman Catholic outrages may as well contain in an appendix an impartial account of this riot. The fact is that human nature is about the same under whatever religious label, and ignorance and violence are not the exclusive property of any branch of the Church.

THE Gladstone ministry has a faculty of butting against stone walls, and of building them for butting purposes where they do not already exist, which is phenomenal. It just now has got all the scientific pundits of Great Britain cursing it a little worse than ever before. The carelessness or parsimony of the Government in providing for the observation of the last solar eclipse was provoking enough; but this late affair of Dr. Hooker, the greatest of English botanists, who was overridden and insulted in the management of the Kew Gardens by First Commissioner Ayrton, was yet worse. The indignation caused by this supercilious treatment of a man to whom the British public is indebted had hardly been rebuked, and not forgiven, when another grievance occurred. Mr. Ayrton's predecessor, Mr. Layard, had officially requested the Society of Antiquaries to make out a list of royal and other historical tombs or monuments existing in cathedrals, churches and other public places, that they might be put under the charge of the Government for their preservation. Thereupon the Society of Antiquaries set vigorously at work, appointed their "Sepulchral Monument Committee," divided England and Wales into districts, and made out a list, at the expense of no little labor and money, of 531 ancient historical monuments which ought to be preserved. Meanwhile, Mr. Layard had left the office; and now Mr. Ayrton receives their report, and curtly informs them that Mr. Layard's letter was without authority, that he was not authorized to prevent the further demolition of these monuments, and that the Government has no intention to propose legislation on the subject or to lay their report before Parliament. It was as crisp a snub as possible, and the antiquaries and scientists do not feel particularly amiable toward either Mr. Ayrton or his superior, Mr. Gladstone. And this suggests that measures ought to be taken immediately in this country to put our American antiquities, especially Indian mounds and fortifications, under the charge of a commission, with authority to see to it that they be not further destroyed. A few are safe—like the mounds in the campus of Beloit College; but the rest are in danger at any time of being carted off to make mortar or to fill up a morass.

DR. WM. B. CARPENTER, the greatest physiologist in Great Britain, was this year president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and seems to have delivered an address not quite to the mind of some of the more "advanced" members of the convocation. To his view, it was clear that no theory or proof of a doctrine of correlation of forces, of development, or of the relations of brain and mind can overthrow the teachings of religion. He said:

"From our study of the mode in which we arrive at those conceptions of the orderly sequence observable in the phenomena of Nature which we call 'laws,' we are led to the conclusion that they are human conceptions, subject to human fallibility; and that they may or may not express the ideas of the great Author of Nature. To set up these laws as self-acting, and as either excluding or rendering unnecessary the power which alone can give them effect, appears to me as arrogant as it is unphilosophical. To speak of any law as 'regulating' or 'governing' phenomena is only permissible on the assumption that the law is the expression of the *modus operandi* of a governing power."

He even suggested that this unity of all the forces of Nature is interpretable only in "the unity of the Power of which her phenomena are the diversified manifestations." His concluding words were:

"When science, passing beyond its own limits, assumes to take the place of theology, and sets up its own conception of the order of Nature as a sufficient account of its cause, it is invading a province of thought to which it has no claim, and not unreasonably provokes the hostility of those who ought to be its best friends. For, whilst the deep-seated instincts of humanity and the profoundest researches of philosophy alike point to mind as the one and only source of power, it is the high prerogative of science to demonstrate the unity of the power which is operating through the limitless extent and variety of the universe, and to trace its continuity through the vast series of ages that have been occupied in its evolution."

....Dr. Thomas E. Bond, formerly editor of the Baltimore *Christian Advocate* and lately associate editor of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, died last week, at his residence in Maryland. Dr. Bond was a most genial Christian gentleman, and one of the keenest and wittiest writers connected with the religious press. Our readers will remember an article contributed by him to

gentlemen, who are ...tical fray, and who, in ...ould like to Mr. ... to a ...may find it in ... fact ...ence, of Englan... has ...speech at an ope...air ...Settle and Potter's ...ation's. When Engli... ...sk at ...political meetings ...diction ...political mixed ...politics were ...newspaper ... are to be ...3. Cyrus W... field has ...in the *Evening* ...d dollars. We could at a ...the great success ...ch ...der his editorship, ... become one of its p... ...th in its future.

...admired the beautiful ...n our last number, but ...se ended rather feebly, ...it in the file which all ...rve, so that the last two ...

...wrecks they wrought ...yesterday."

...en five thousand less ...ring the last year than ...re. The falling off is ... by the fact that one ...ed liquor-sellers were ...s by the fire. No small ...

...nk" is advertised for ...fades away completely ...and the letters written ...as evidence in subse... ...ise cases.

...ily *News* is responsible ...rce type, that Boston is ...pelled milk-dealers." ...n New York, but not ...

Intelligence.

...eed is a ghost that ...dding of the two arch. ...n which His Grace of ...that the clergy in whose ...have the privilege of ...out Archdeacon Deni... ...tualistic reverence, ad... ...of to the Archbishop, ...himself appointed on a ...ation, to which this ... and here are the arch... ...o settle the whole con... ...calling the committee ... upon himself and his ... rescuts. "I am com... ...ll respect," the Arch... ...the position in which ...en placed is not only ...ultifying. Every way ...ltiplied and aggravated ...the faith. And what ...ith and conscience of ...in the use, including, ...? We are 'advanced' ...llen' to a 'conscience ...urch about the use of ...Things, my lord arch... ...in century XIX." On ...the Archdeacon says, ...e sense of duty and in ...and mind," that the ...anner of public use of ... which can be legiti... ...convocations only. If ...to settle it in Parlia... ...opposition to the con... ...great cause to fear there ...mpt should succeed, a ...dealt upon the "Estab... ...who are its foremost ...ch it is not easy to ... room for recovery, ... another archdeacon, ...urges that the damna... ...ither be omitted or ...reconciled with judg... ...he signs of the times ... also very ominous; ...ruin which impends ...s from the direction ...t in which Archdeacon ...he one thinks that the ...s forebodes infidelity; ...he Bennett judgment ...This is the way the ...

...let me ask the ques... ...ection if, having been ...'s witness to Gospel ...faith, we are content ...the sacerdotalism of ...f the mass?"

...horities are proceed... ...execution of the law ...On August 1st the so... ...esen was dissolved. ...a high day with the ...with great pomp of ...lus, the founder of ...proceedings by which ...ety was terminated, ...

...the 1st the landrath, ...went to the Jesuits' ...g assembled all the ...ans that from that ...ld cease to exist, and ...bers would have to ...om all ecclesiastical ...e specially forbidden ...ruct, confess, or visit ...of the convent was ...eposited at the pre... ...a period rigorously ...ve to inform the au... ...wish to remain in ...a foreign country, ...continue to inhabit ...The news of this ad... ...rapidly in the town ...in emotion amongst ..., and provoking a ...curious before the ...tranquillity were not ...

...aly that the ministry ...determined to ... ...untry. The foreign ...ns Italy has made ...der have been noti... ...f the treaties, and of ...the government to ...not Bismarck, then, ...Jesuits; there is ...ome, whose foot the ...crush. The unkind... ...from Paris. To the ...peals were sent from ...Jesuits of Italy ask... ...heir behalf. But the ...uce wants nothing ...nd is meditating ...they ever venture ...ge numbers. If the ...as they are repre... ...ionals, it is strange ...ell as the Protest... ...rope should be al... ...ir determination to ...ices, we shall wait ...e the result of this ...wers against them. ...a greatly increasing ...influence, we shall be ...

...Scarcely had the ...ent ended, when the ...Father O'Keefe is a ...nny, who was de... ...ate from the altar of ...

...The instigator of ...d, was the bishop of ...the case, no ecclesi... ...to Father O'Keefe, ...tuted a suit in the ...curate for slander. ...an Catholic Church ...o resort to the law ...ecclesiastical griev... ...l Cullen suspended ...ather O'Keefe was ...superintendent also ...thus a government ...ght the fact before ...ucation, and asked ...this superintend... ...ouled, and Father ...m the management ...hich, as the *Times* ...great part of his ...is private means, ...Parliament for a ...Educational Com... ...s and comments as ...

...priest, as a conse... ...ction, deprived of ...rt to the tribunals ...dress of ordinary ...ed done nothing ...ect himself against ...ng by an action for ...punished formally, ...om his ecclesiasti... ...superiors, which ...state to criticise, ...appeal or inquiry, ...within his parish, ...like the National ...nt its sanction."

...strates the inexpli...

...able tangle into which the affairs of church and state are always brought by trying to combine them.

....The Rev. S. Minton, of Eaton-square Chapel, a minister of the Church of England, has been preaching in the pulpit of the Rev. Newman Hall, Congregationalist. Mr. Hall made a graceful address in announcing the preacher, in which he said that Surrey Chapel had always been open to the ministers of other churches, and that Scott the Commentator, Venn, and other Episcopalians had frequently assisted Rowland Hill in preaching the common salvation. Mr. Minton preached from "Blessed are the peacemakers," and boldly justified himself in the course he had taken; declaring that, though there were legal obstacles in the way of a thorough fellowship between Episcopalians and other churches, some of the Churchmen were laboring with all their might to get these impediments removed. He continued:

"And, meanwhile, our brethren of other churches, in the quiet opportunity of exhibiting a spirit of charity and forbearance, by allowing us to do what seems right in the way of proving the been generous good-will. Your minister has a pulpit—a pulpit rough to invite me to his pulpit—a pulpit which is on every ground, past and present, any man in the world might feel it an honor to occupy. In the world might feel that I have no power—although he knows no mine without invitation to invite him to my pulpit—no influences for which the world myself in consequence be very doubtful. Of course, such a suspension would ministers are prepared to do. Nonconformist know that many episcopal churches the same, and I juice to accept their invitations. Clergymen will receive bishops, and deans have already set a good archbishops, and example in the north of the northern part of the island; and their zeal is provoking very many on this side of the Tweed to break down the barriers erected in evil days against brotherly communion with other churches."

....An aggrieved Methodist brother protests against our comment on that astonishing performance at the Maine camp-meeting. "My mother and sister have many times in public thrown their arms around my neck and kissed me," testifies our correspondent. If any man wants to be kissed in camp-meeting by his mother and sister, we do not know that we shall object. It is purely a question of taste. Most men, we imagine, prefer to practice such osculatory endearments in private; and it is a serious question whether a meeting for the promotion of holiness which encourages such violations of true delicacy is, on the whole, to be encouraged. That can hardly be a "full salvation" which does not save men from making fools of themselves. There was, however, nothing in the report which we quoted to indicate that these greetings were confined to relatives, and we have no reason to believe that they were. The paragraph has been widely published, and we have seen no contradiction or explanation of it. And, lest our good Methodist brother should think that our judgment in this matter was dictated by hostility to Methodism, we quote this comment of the *Christian Advocate* upon the report in question:

"We suspect that some of our readers will be prepared to say that such a statement, if false, is a vile slander, for which the writer and publisher deserve to be mulcted in heavy damages. But what if it is substantially true? That which is slander when untrue cannot be otherwise than scandalous if true. Which alternative must we accept? Perhaps neither entirely, but a little of each."

....An Universalist sympathizer with the Rev. Herman Bisbee, who was lately suspended by the Minnesota Convention of the Universalist ministers, on account of his rationalistic views, writes to the *New Covenant* complaining of Mr. Bisbee's suspension, and making what he calls a few "Honest Inquiries." These inquiries show him to have no faith at all in the supernatural origin and claims of Christianity; and indicate that his place, as well as that of Mr. Bisbee, is outside the pale of all denominations styling themselves Christian. The *New Covenant* replies to this honest inquirer as follows:

"While there is great latitude among our people concerning the exact position of Jesus in the scale of being, and a wide difference on the subject of the miracles, inspiration, the amount of truth in other forms of religion, and the other points raised by Br. Reed—questions in no way involved in the action of Br. Bisbee's case—one fact is patent: He who rejects the Bible as authority in the realms of truth discards the foundation on which the Universalist Church is built. He may be a great deal wiser than we are, and he may be a great deal better than we are; but the fact not to be overlooked is, that he differs from us so diametrically that we cannot work together harmoniously, and it is better, therefore, that we separate. If one occupying that ground does not *see over* it to be his duty to withdraw, it becomes the duty of the church to point it out.

....A writer in the *Cumberland Presbyterian* corrects several statements recently made concerning the denomination to which he belongs. The men who formed it were not seceders from the Presbyterian Church. The Cumberland Presbytery was engaged in a great revival about 1805 or 1806; and, the supply of ministers proving insufficient, laymen were ordained and sent into the work. This irregular proceeding was objected to by the Synod of Kentucky, and the offending presbytery was finally cut off. "The disaffection," says the writer, "was in the Presbyterian Church toward the men engaged in the revival, and not in those connected with the revival towards the Presbyterian Church. These men waited for more than four years before they organized an independent presbytery, hoping this disaffection would pass away." He goes on to show that, though an independent presbytery was organized, out of which what is now known as the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has grown, the body never assumed any distinctive denominational name—the name by which it is known having "grown upon them." The Westminster Confession of Faith, with Calvinism left out, is the doctrinal standard of the church."

....In reply to a protest against the decision of the judicial committee in the Bennett case, in which the fear is expressed that, if it be permitted to stand, the protection against false teaching will not be sufficient, the Archbishop of York says with considerable force:

"It cannot be supposed that the Church has been indebted in the long and eventful past to the half-dozen suits for heresy which have been lately instituted for her fidelity to the truth. She must depend on the declarations made by her clergy at ordination and at admission, and even more upon the Prayer-book, in which is preserved their utterance of her worship in the Tongue of the Throne of Grace."

The idea that the hunting of heresy is the only way of preserving sound doctrine is quite too prevalent. It is in the positive rather than the negative functions of the ministry, in the proclamation and illustration of truth, rather than in the punishment of errorists, that the safety of the Church is found.

....An article in the London *Athenæum* on "The Russian Clergy" gives the number of parishes in Russia as 36,000, and the aggregate of the incomes of their clergy as about $23,500,000, of which the Government contributes $3,000,000, "houses and property belonging to parishes" yield about $500,000, and the rest arises from the contributions of the parishioners. The disestablishment of this Church would not, therefore, be a matter of great difficulty, in a financial point of view, inasmuch as less than a quarter of the revenue of the Church comes from state aid and endowments. The average income of the clergy of each parish amounts, according to this statement, to about $650; of which the priest gets half, the deacon a quarter, and the "two sacristans discharging the duties of sacristan, beadle, ringer, lector," etc., the rest.

....*Church and State* protests vigorously against the judgment of those "so-called conservative Churchmen" who are in the habit of regarding Evangelicals and Radicals with equal disfavor, classing them together as radicals and extremists. Such a judgment in effect puts the Episcopal Church in a middle position between the Romish Church and the Protestant denominations "at a point of equal repulsion right and left, which no Protestant church has a right to be in." *Church and State* thinks that the Evangelicals, whose sympathies with the other Protestants are so strong, are not to be put into the same condemnation with Father Morrill and Father Ewer; and that, if the Episcopal Church in this way indicates its complete estrangement from the other Evangelical churches, it will commit a capital mistake.

....The Boston Young Men's Christian Association has purchased for $125,000 the large brick gymnasium building on the corner of Eliot and Tremont streets, Boston. The gymnasium apparatus will, of course, be retained and made to do service in the development of muscularity among the Young Christians of Boston. The building also affords excellent quarters for the Association, and the possession of it will, it is hoped, stimulate the growth and activity of this society. If, now, these young men will desist from the attempt to cover the whole field of religious and charitable activity in Boston, and will concentrate their efforts upon the young men of the city, they may reasonably expect success. The great heresy of the Christian Associations is scatteration.

....The Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Montclair, Unitarian, formerly editor of the *Liberal Christian*, has been visiting his old home in the West, and preaching by invitation at a Methodist camp-meeting.

....Mr. Purchas has been served with a writ of suspension; but he takes no notice of it, and goes on with his services as usual.

....The Old Testament revisers have got as far as the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus.

Publisher's Department

CLAVERACK COLLEGE AND HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE, Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A. M., president.

This is one of the best managed institutions for both sexes in the country. It has a full collegiate course for women and confers degrees. Thorough instruction in each of the ten departments—Classical, English, French, German, Normal, Musical, Agricultural, Painting, Military, and Commercial.

Complete cabinet, library, and apparatus. Special attention to social and moral culture.

The nineteenth annual opening of this institution—so well known for the beauty of its location, the abundant provision of its apparatus, the number and competency of its faculty of instruction, its collegiate powers to graduate female students, and its thorough discipline and management—will occur on Monday, Sept. 9th.

See advertisement, on 6th page.

Is the mind a ponderable or an imponderable substance; an essence, vapor, or an indescribable something which cannot be grasped, felt, or withheld?

Man thinks, studies, invents, tires the brain by overwork, and loses his reason; rests his intellect, becomes calm, uses restoratives, and again thinks.

When we reflect that a power of endurance can be imparted to the brain and that weak minds have been restored to strength by Fellows's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, we cannot but conclude that the subtle power is really ponderable matter, from the fact that the ingredients are supplied which under it support and give it vitality. Persons who study hard should preserve their balance of power by using the Syrup.

THERE are few railroads in the United States possessing the remarkable advantages of the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western. Running through one of the richest and most rapidly improving portions of the West, with no parallel line of road to compete with it, and forming the direct connecting link between the great lines running Westward to the Pacific and Eastward to the Atlantic seaboard, there appears to be no limit to its future traffic. Although only completed in the autumn of 1870, it has already grown into a wealthy and successful corporation, with a large revenue from its rapidly increasing business. This railroad now extends from Indianapolis, its eastern terminus, to Pekin on the west, and is at present forming an extension from Champaign, near Urbana, to the Mississippi, at Keokuk, which is rapidly progressing, and will be completed early in 1873. With this extension it will be 420 miles in length, running through districts of unsurpassed fertility, with a population of nearly three-quarters of a million and a property valuation exceeding 400,000,000 of dollars. Apart from its own local business, in itself sufficient to insure the most complete success, the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railroad will, with its extension, have the entire through traffic of the Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska Road, which connects with the Midland Pacific. The Peoria and Rock Island (91 miles) and the Davenport and St. Paul (300 miles) are also tributary to it; and all the above-named roads, although separate corporations, are well known to be controlled in the interests of the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western, the whole forming practically a united line of more than 1,200 miles, the through business of which will necessarily pass over the last-mentioned road. If we look Eastward, we find it equally well connected; the Pennsylvania Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, Bellefontaine, Lake Shore, and New York Central all pouring their enormous traffic into its Eastern terminus, at Indianapolis, and thereby forming so many tributaries or feeders to the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western. This corporation are now issuing bonds for the extension of their road, on such portions only as are completed; and, from the very high advantages they have to offer, there can be no doubt that these bonds will take their rank among the very foremost of railway securities.

BONE DUST.

FARMERS have hitherto always found the Bone Dust and fertilizers sold by Peter Cooper, Burling Slip, New York, not only pure, but the very best of fertilizing matter for their farms and gardens. The good reputation of Mr. Cooper's business forbids any imposture or adulteration. The same house now announce sales for the fall season, and offer refuse animal matter and hair, which are rich in nitrogenous matter, equally as valuable as bone.

HAVEN Willcox & Gibbs Silent Family Sewing Machine been invented before the lock-stitch machine, there would probably not have been a double-thread machine in existence at the present day. The supposed necessity for a second thread and a shuttle has now disappeared from machine sewing, but an enormous amount of capital is interested in maintaining an opposite opinion.

SOLOMON CONFUTED.

SOLOMON'S idea that originality was "played out" was erroneous. When Dr. MOTT'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS were introduced, they proved to be "a new thing under the sun." Containing no mineral, yet acting upon the liver as directly as mercury, without entailing any of its evil consequences, they are "a new thing" in anti-bilious medication. Gently relieving the bowels, and at the same time permanently restoring to those organs the ability to relieve themselves, they are "a new thing" in cathartics. Strengthening the stomach and improving the appetite, while free from the astringent and stimulating properties which characterize the ordinary tonics, they are "a new thing" among the vegetable restoratives of the day. And assuredly their remarkable cures of inveterate constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, sick headache, gastric fever, rheumatic affections, congestion of the liver, irregularities of the bowels, and all ailments incident to a bilious habit are "new things under the sun," both to the medical world and the wondering public. For sale by all druggists and medicine dealers.

DALLEY'S PAIN EXTRACTOR cures *Piles, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Sores*, and all diseases of the Skin. 25 cents.

"ADVICE.—Send for Free Price-list. Jones Scale Works, Binghamton, N. Y."

TRY Dorpe Lead Stove Polish.

NEW ENGRAVINGS
—OF—
Grant & Wilson
NOW READY!

We have just received from Mr. A. H. Ritchie, a world-wide reputation as an artist, a superb STEEL ENGRAVING of Hon. HENRY WILSON, a companion picture to that of PRESIDENT GRANT (by the same artist), already well known to tens of thousands of our subscribers in every section of the country. This new and magnificent engraving—prepared for our exclusive use, size 19 by 24 inches—is now ready for delivery. We will, therefore, until further notice, *present* these two fine steel engravings of GRANT AND WILSON for every *new* yearly subscriber sent us, with the money—$2.50. They will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail, postage paid, at the option of the subscriber. These engravings are printed on separate sheets of fine pasteboard, suitable for framing. They will be carefully rolled on wood, warranted to arrive in good order and give entire satisfaction, or they may be returned and the money positively refunded.

Let every true-hearted Republican, every friend of Grant and Wilson, and every political organization in the country promptly send to us for these beautiful and desirable pictures, both produced by one of the most celebrated artists in the world—the engraver of the "Emancipation Proclamation" and "Authors of the United States," etc. Engravings of this class sell at the print stores at from $2 to $5 *each*. *Both will be given away* to any person who will, as before stated, send us the name of one new subscriber and $2.50. We shall register the names and deliver the engravings in the order in which they are received. *Any person may act as agent.* Act promptly. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Box 3787, New York City.

KILL EVERY PLANT,

VINE, Peach Tree, and Shrub, by allowing Insects, Worms, and Plant Lice to devour them, or use CARBOLIC PLANT PROTECTOR, and save them from the ravages of these "Parasites." This remedy is harmless to Vegetable Life, but Infallible in its action. Prices low. References reliable. Send for Circular to KIDDER, WETHERELL & Co.'s Carbolic and Medicine Warehouse, No. 57 John Street, New York.

Great chance for agents.

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE is an *improvement* on all others. *Warranted* to change the color of gray or red hair to a beautiful *black* or *brown*. Easily applied and a success every time.

FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF, as the name implies, is so faithful a remedy that it is *warranted* (or money refunded) to instantly relieve all pains, aches, sprains, and bowel complaints.

DISEASE KILLED AT ITS SOURCE.

THE Blood is flesh, bone, and muscle in a liquid form, and if impure the solids of the body, into which it is continually changing, are sure to be infected in some way or other by the poison. The result may be scrofulous sores or eruptions, or erysipelas, or boils, or decay of the bones, or rheumatism, or glandular swellings, or liver complaints, or any one of a hundred disorders proceeding from the same cause. But, whatever its nature, SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP may be relied upon as a swift and certain remedy. This powerful vegetable medicine is composed of the finest blood depurents that botanical research has yet developed. It acts directly upon the seeds of disease in the circulation, and thus extinguishes at their source all maladies, whether external or internal, that originate in a depraved condition of the stream of life. For sale by all druggists and medicine dealers.

HOUSEKEEPERS.—The American Institute awards the premium to Electro-Silicon as being the best article for cleaning ware, polishing ware, etc. Sold by jewelers, druggists, housefurnishing, and grocery stores. COFFIN, REDINGTON & Co., Agents, No. 9 Gold st., N. Y.

Lockwood & Co., Bankers, 94 Broadway, New York, transact a general banking business, including the purchase and sale, on commission, of all marketable securities. Accounts of banks, bankers, and others solicited.

CAMPHORATED AND TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP, containing nearly 40 per cent. of glycerine. For the toilet and children, beyond comparison. Sold everywhere. J. C. HULL'S SON, Manufacturer. Salesroom No. 32 Park Row, New York.

GETTING RID OF PARASITES.

WHAT a blessing it would be if there were any moral specific that would destroy political parasites as quickly as Dr. Rogers's Vegetable Worm Syrup dispatches the parasites that infest the bowels of children! If we could only purge the body politic of voracious vermin, as that and West vermifuge, and has no parallel competing line. The Eastern connections at Indianapolis are the Pennsylvania Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Bellefontaine, Lake Shore, and New York Central, and other roads centering at this point. From the Seaboard to the West and Northwest distances are materially reduced, via this system of roads; so much so that it cannot fail to be the popular line for travel and business. Liberal subscriptions to the stock were made by towns and counties on the line of the EXTENSION, and the remainder has been taken by experienced railroad men and Eastern capitalists. These facts cannot fail to make the bonds, which will be issued only on completed road, take high rank among the best railway securities.

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We offer them at present at 90 and interest, and recommend them strongly to our friends and investors as one of the safest and most desirable securities on the market.

Bonds delivered free of express charges. Maps, pamphlets, and circulars furnished on application.

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BANKERS, No. 14 Nassau St.

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Pleasant rooms, excellent board, in a first-class location, at much less than hotel prices, for transient or permanent boarders. Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, Movement Cure, and Lifting Cure in the establishment.

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Rev ALONZO FLACK, A.M., President.

The state has appointed this Institution to teach a Normal Class, the state paying the tuition.
We will also make a deduction on board for those who are in the Normal Class.
Write for special terms in this department.
For particulars see advertisement, on 4th page.

JAY COOKE McCULLOCH & CO.
No. 41 Lombard St., London.
BILLS OF EXCHANGE
ON ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND & WALES.
COMMERCIAL CREDITS, CABLE TRANSFERS.
Our Circular Letter for Travelers,
available in all parts of the world, can be procured at either of our offices or through our correspondents.
At our LONDON BANKING House arrangements have been made for the reception of
AMERICAN TOURISTS,
with due attention to their correspondence and the latest advices from the United States.
JAY COOKE & CO.,
NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. WASHINGTON.

THE Best and Original Tonic of Iron Phosphorus, and Calisaya, known as Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The Iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural, healthful tone to the digestive organs, thereby curing Dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility, and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

WHAT EVERY HORSEMAN WANTS.—A Good, Cheap, and Reliable Liniment. Such an article is Dr. Tobias's Venetian Horse Liniment. Pint Bottles at One Dollar. For Lameness, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, etc., warranted better than any other. Sold by the Druggists. Depot 10 Park Place, New York.

If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples, Blotches, and Eruptions, purify your blood by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose.

A BLESSING TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for all diseases with which children are afflicted, is a safe and certain remedy.

OWNERS OF VILLAS, country residences, halls, theaters, and trustees of churches, schools, and public buildings. Send for prospectus and testimonials of the Eagle Gas Machine, 43 Dey St., N. Y., furnishing gas for $1.25 per 1,000 cubic feet.

See the New Prize Sunday-school Books. Warren, Brooghton & Wyman, N. Y.

USE Dooley's Yeast Powder, if you relish light, sweet wholesome Biscuits, Rolls, Pastry, etc. Your grocer sells it. Full weight and strength.

For wire screens for doors and windows go to E. S. & J. TORREY's, 106 Fulton street, near Broadway. The most satisfactory investment any one can make.

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE A. B. C. F. M.

The Sixty-third Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held at New Haven, Conn., commencing Tuesday, October 10, 1872, at 3 P. M., and continuing Friday, October 4th, at about 10 A. M.

The sermon will be preached Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in Music Hall, No. 86 Crown Street, at which place the house of the Board will also be transacted.

The friends of missions in New Haven will open their houses for the hospitable entertainment of the members of the Board, both corporate and honorary, and of its missionaries. They will also provide such accommodation as they can for other friends of the cause, especially inviting those to attend who have in contemplation a personal consecration to the missionary work.

All persons who propose to accept the offer of hospitality are requested to address Prof. D. C. Gilman, Secretary, New Haven, Conn., before the 5th day of September.

Soon after that date applicants will receive by mail cards of introduction to the families in which they are to be entertained. *Every person who receives such a card should write to his host* during the week immediately preceding the meeting, and state whether it is still his intention to come. On the 5th day of September it will be assumed that those who have not been heard from are not coming, and their places will be reassigned.

Should any applicants fail to receive, before September 15th, a card assigning him a place of entertainment, he will please write again to the Secretary of the Committee.

It is not expected that arrangements can be made for reduction of fares on railroads within the limits of New England.

EDWARD E. ATWATER,
Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.
DANIEL C. GILMAN,
Secretary.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 1st, 1872.

MARRIED.

BILL—FARLE.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 13th, 1872, by the Rev. Hermann E. Bill, of St. John, N. B., and the Rev. John F. Tigelow, Ledyard Bill to Miss Sophie E. Earle. No cards.

DIED.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT SATTERLEE, OF THE WASHINGTON FIRE.

We are pained to have to record the death of Mr. George C. Satterlee, one of the best known of New York fire underwriters. His sad event occurred on August 9th, at Mount Desert, Maine, where Mr. Satterlee was staying during the summer trip for recreation. At the time of his death Mr. Satterlee was 72 years of age. His name had been familiar in insurance circles for a great many years, and his interest in underwriting matters dated back to the year 1824, at which time he was a clerk in a New York merchant, but also a director of the old Washington Fire, which had the rare credit of paying all its losses by that terrible calamity. Out of this company grew the present Washington Fire, of which Mr. Satterlee was one of the oldest merchants of New York, and for nearly fifty years occupied a variety of positions of responsibility, and always with fidelity to others and credit to himself. His mercantile associations were passed with such houses as Kelly, Morrison & Clawson and Haggerty & Austen, and from 1825 to 1850 he was an active member of the dry-goods importing house of Cheesebrough, Satterlee & Co., located in Pearl street. Mr. Satterlee's presidency of the Washington Fire dates from 1850, when, through his influence and exertions, that company was organized. He was at the head of the Washington during its twenty-one years of remarkable prosperity, and also at the time of its discomfiture by the Chicago disaster. When the late terrible blow of last October fell upon the company, Mr. Satterlee, with all the ardor of youth, entered upon the formation of the new Washington Fire, and had just launched it upon the wave of success prosperity which awaited him. It is a sufficient evidence of President Satterlee's ability and capacity as a financier and underwriter to state that the original shareholders of the old Washington received back all they had invested within two years or three times over before the occurrence of the Chicago fire. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that these settlements so promptly rallied to reorganize, at their old president's call. Mr. Satterlee was one of the few members of the profession who could point to a record of uniform success. His administration was always honorable, liberal, and dignified, and was marked by a rare and happy combination of caution and impulse, which generally resulted well for the fortunes of the company and the satisfaction of the public. Mr. Satterlee was a man of fixed Christian principle, of unostentatious usefulness in the community and in the church. He was a publisher of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, as well as a vestryman of that (St. George's) church. He leaves a family, among whom members are several sons who have also won a name for themselves in insurance circles. Thus has passed away, at a ripe age and amid universal sorrow, one of New York's most respected underwriters.—*The Spectator.*

LOVERIDGE.—Suddenly, at Saratoga Springs, on Sabbath evening, Aug. 18th, Lucy C., wife of J. W. C. Loveridge, in the 35th year of her age.

WILLIAMS.—In New York, Tuesday, August 6th, Erastus Williams, aged 81 years. The remains were taken to Setauket, L. I., for interment.

HOUSTON.—On 93d Town, Mass., Aug. 17th, Samuel Lee, only son of Samuel W. and Minerva Lee Hoskins, aged 6 months and 7 days.

BUSINESS NOTICES

I., B., & W.
EXTENSION RAILWAY
FIRST MORTGAGE
7 Per Cent. Convertible
GOLD BONDS,
AT 90 AND INTEREST,

Issued by the **Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway**, to aid in building its EXTENSION line West, in a direct line from Champaign (185 miles) to the Mississippi River at Keokuk, and a branch from White Heath (32 miles) to Decatur, all in the State of Illinois. The bonds are secured by a first and only mortgage on the EXTENSION, now being rapidly constructed in the most thorough manner by able and experienced contractors, who represent a capital of several millions of dollars, which insures the last rail being laid at an early date. About 60 miles are already finished and 110 miles graded. The whole line, 217 miles, will be completed early in 1873. We have been connected and entirely familiar with the I., B., & W. Railway from its early organization. It was completed in the autumn of 1870, and has developed rapidly into a SUCCESSFUL AND WEALTHY CORPORATION, having a large revenue from its largely increasing business. With the EXTENSION it will be one corporation, with a line of road located in the commanding position in the heart of the best portion of the country. The counties on the line of the EXTENSION in 1870 had a population of 242,330; valuation of real and personal estate, $181,000,000; bushels of grain raised, 27,000,000; value of farm products, $25,370,000; and in stock, $18,310,000, TO WHICH MAY SAFELY BE ADDED 15 PER CENT. TO REPRESENT THE PRESENT POPULATION AND VALUE.

The counties on the Old Line and the EXTENSION together contain a population of nearly three-quarters of a million, and a property valuation exceeding $400,000,000.

From these statistics it will be readily seen that the EXTENSION will have a Local Business that will make it a complete success. In addition to this, it will have the entire Through Traffic of the Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska Road, connecting with it on the Mississippi River, and extending west to the Missouri, 300 miles, where it connects with the Midland Pacific, in Nebraska. These are corporations, and also the Peoria and Rock Island (91 miles) and the Davenport and St. Paul (300 miles), although separate corporations, ARE ALL OWNED AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN RAILWAY, and practically will be a united line of more than 1,200 miles, the through business of which will pass over the I., B., & W. This is an East and West trunk route, and has no parallel competing line. The Eastern connections at Indianapolis are the Pennsylvania Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Bellefontaine, Lake Shore, and New York Central, and other roads centering at this point. From the Seaboard to the West and Northwest distances are materially reduced, via this system of roads; so much so that it cannot fail to be the popular line for travel and business. Liberal subscriptions to the stock were made by towns and counties on the line of the EXTENSION, and the remainder has been taken by experienced railroad men and Eastern capitalists.

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We offer them at present at 90 and interest, and recommend them strongly to our friends and investors as one of the safest and most desirable securities on the market.

Bonds delivered free of express charges. Maps, pamphlets, and circulars furnished on application.

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available in all parts of the world, can be procured at either of our offices or through our correspondents.
At our LONDON BANKING House arrangements have been made for the reception of
AMERICAN TOURISTS,
with due attention to their correspondence and the latest advices from the United States.
JAY COOKE & CO.,
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Not

The Independent.

FOUND SLEEPING.

"I WAT, COMING SUDDENLY, HE FIND YOU SLEEPING."

BY REV. A. A. E. TAYLOR.

As sleeping,
When suddenly the Master came!
All day long I had been keeping
Holiday with my idle heart,
Blessed in a thankful restfulness,
The week had done its weary part,
And the message for the Holy Day
Was writ, and laid aside with prayer.
And, strange enough,
This was the text, resolved with care:
"Behold! I stand and knock!"

"Ah! little did I deem it meant myself,
And at *my* door the shock
Of stranger feet and unfamiliar raps should fall!
And so in the sweet, calm eventide,
When Nature folded all her hands,
Lifting her myrald eyes to Heaven—a bride
Long tarrying for the bridegroom's brow,
'The whole creation groans together until now"—
I laid me down to rest, with all
My Maker's trustful handiwork—and slept,
Waiting to waken at the Sabbath's call.

There was no dream, no dread through all the night.
He gave me no presentiment
That His footsteps were nigh, or that He might
Salute me ere the night were spent.
And so it was that I was sleeping
When the Master came!

He came when the soft dawn stole, creeping
Silently up the East,
And just as gently stepped.
At first a thrill, whose pain increased,
Like the slumbers;
Straight a growing number
Stops, fast ripening to agonies,
Freed this wretched frame,
Emptied out my soul in sighs!
As for hours small respite came,
Men's strength fled,
Feeble pulse faltered,
Then beats a requiem for the dead.
Book of life was altered,
Or it was the Master's knock, they said.

Yet soon upon my misty sight
Rose the entrancing light
Of His royal face.
There was no wrath in it, nor terror,
Only grace, exceeding grace!
And this he seemed to say:
"Behold! I stand and knock,
But come not in, to-day.
Another day I will come in.
Return to me more earnestly,
Return to speak more faithfully,
To those who die, yet live,
To those who live, yet die.
The story of the Cross still give,
And of the crown and victory;
And be you ever ready,
Lest, coming suddenly,
I find you sleeping!"

The quiet tones did scarcely cease
When came relief, and a strange, sweet peace,
And I knew that He was gone;
And to my life a longer lease,
The threatened limit to earth's work with-drawn.

Now, therefore, Master, help me wake—
Help me to toil
For perilled souls and for Thy sake,
And quicken me to watch and pray,
Thus day by day,
To stand as in the vestibule
Of that grand shrine, where Thou dost rule
The sanctified;
Where breaketh
No sob, where lurks no sin, no death,
Where no heart acheth.

And ever while I draw my waiting breath
I'll cry, as softly cried
Thy Church, personified
Of yore as the repenting bride:
"I sleep, but my heart waketh."

So, coming suddenly, while keeping
Watch for His sake,
He will not find me sleeping,
But awake!

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI.

BITS OT TRAVEL AT HOME.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BY H. H.

I HAVE been asked to say something about San Francisco. The request embarrasses me as much as it would to be asked to address a Sunday-school. No doubt there is enough to be said, if only the right person were called upon.

When I first stepped out of the door of the Occidental Hotel, on Montgomery street, in San Francisco, I looked up and down in disappointment.

"Is this all?" I exclaimed. "It is New York—a little lower of story, narrower of street, and stiller, perhaps. Have I crossed a continent only to land in Lower Broadway on a dull day?"

I looked into the shop-windows. The identical hats, collars, neckties for men, identical tortoise-shell and gold earfor women, which I had left behind ... of Canal and Broome ... in the face. Eager hack... handles in air, accosted ... s of the man who drove ... Railroad station, on the ... Atlantic Ocean, ten days ...

"... you ask an hour?" said I.

"Three dollars," said they all.

"Three dollars!" echoed I, in astonishment. But I jumped in, glad of any sensation of novelty, even so high-priced a one, and said:

"Show me all you can of your city in an hour."

Presto. In one minute we had turned a sharp corner, left the dull shops behind, and plunged into scenes unfamiliar enough. I no longer wondered at the dearness of the driving. The street was as steep as the street of an Alpine village. Men and women walking up its sidewalks were bowed over, as if nobody were less than ninety. Those walking down had their bodies slanted back and their knees projecting in front, as people come down mountains. The horses went at a fast walk, almost a trot. On corners, the driver reined them up, turned them at a sharp angle, and stopped them to breathe a minute.

The houses were all small, wooden, light-colored, picturesque. Hardly any two were of the same hight, same style, or tint. High steps ran up to the front doors. In many instances, when the house was built very much up-hill, the outside staircase curved and wound, to make the climb easier. Each house had a little yard. Many had small square gardens. Every nook and cranny and corner that could hold a flower did. Roses and geraniums and fuchsias, all in full blossom—callas, growing rank and high, and evidently held in no great esteem—set, great thickets of them, under stairways and behind gates. Again and again I saw clumps which had dozens of the regal alabaster cups pave... among their green pennons, four feet high. Ivy geraniums clambered all over railings and flowered at every twist. Acacias and palms, and many of the rare tropical trees which we are used to seeing in conservatories at the East, were growing luxuriantly in these glittering little door-yards. Some of the houses were almost incredibly small, square, one story high, with a door in the middle, between two small windows. Their queer flat roofs and winding ladders of steps in front, with gay flowers all around, made you feel as if some fanciful and artistic babies must have run away and gone to housekeeping on a stolen box. Others were two stories high, or even two and a half, with pretty little dor... or balconied windows jutting out ... the second story; but there were ... large, none in the least elegant, all of wood, painted in light shades of buff, yellow, or brown, the yellow predominating; all with more or less carved work about the eaves, window-tops, and doors, and all bright with flowers. In many of the gardens stood a maid-servant, watering the plants with a hose. Not one drop of rain had these gay little parterres had for a month; not a drop would they have for three months to come. These were evidently the homes of the comfortable middle class of San Francisco. I am a little ashamed of having forgotten the names of these streets. There were several streets of this sort; but who wishes to find them must take his chance, as I did. There are horse-cars that run through two or three of them, up and down such grades as I never saw horse-cars on elsewhere.

Then there are broader streets running along these hills; a street taking its up-hill widthwise, which has a curious effect in the steepest places. Some of these streets are full of shops. I think they are the Bowery and Sixth Avenue of San Francisco. Others, higher up, are chiefly filled with dwelling-houses; many of them very handsome, with large gardens; some with what might almost be called grounds about them; and all commanding superb views of the bay and the part of the city lying below. It is odd to stand on the corner of a street and look off over chimneys of houses only two streets off; but you do it constantly among the ups and downs of San Francisco—in many of the streets, in fact in all of them. You see also the most ludicrous propinquities of incongruous homes. For instance, "Wang Fo" takes in washing, in a shed, next door to a large and handsome house, with palm trees and roses setting thickly on all sides of it. The incongruities of base-line are still more startling. One man, who builds on a bit of hill—and no man builds on anything else—cuts it down, before he begins, to something like the level of his neighbor's house. But the next man who comes along, having no prejudice against stairs, sets his house on the very top of the pinnacle, and climbs up forty steps to his front door.

I ought to have said that it was going away from the sea that I found these streets. Going seaward, and bearing to the south, you find still sharper hills, still more picturesque streets. To reach them, you have to go through whole tracts of business streets, ordinary and shabby houses; but, once there, you understand why it should be the West End of San Francisco.

The names of these streets also I forget; but how can it matter? They lie on and along crags, not hills. Strangers coming to live there are warned of physicians not to walk to their houses by the steepest way. There are many instances of heart disease in San Francisco, brought on by walking too perpetually up and down steep places. Many of the houses on these highest seaward streets are handsome, and have pleasant grounds about them. But they are not so distinctively and peculiarly picturesque and sunny and homelike as the cheaper little flower-fronted houses on the other side of the city. And, going only a few steps further seaward, you come to or you look down on crowded lanes of dingy, tumbling, forlorn buildings, which seem as if they must be forever slipping into the water. As you look up at the city from the harbor, this is the most noticeable thing. The hills rise so sharply and the houses are set on them at such incredible angles that it wouldn't surprise you, any day when you are watching it, to see the city slide down streets at a time. If San Francisco had known that it was to be a city, and if (poor, luckless place that it is, spite of all its luck) it had not burnt down al most faster than it could build up, it might have set on its myriad hills a city which the world could hardly equal. But, as it is, it is hopelessly crowded and mixed, and can never look from the water like anything but a *toppling* town.

But nothing can mar the beauty of its outlying circles of hills. The bay chose well its stopping place. They curve and lap and arch and stretch and sink, as if at some time the very sands had been instinct with joy and invitation and passion and rest. Who knows the spells of shores, the secrets of seas? Surely the difference between stern, frowning, inaccessible cliffs, against which waters dash, but cannot prevail, and soft, wooing beaches, up which waves sweep far as they like, is not an insignificant fact in Nature. Does anybody believe that, if the Pilgrims had landed where Father Junipero Serra's missionaries did, witches would have been burnt in the San Joaquin Valley? Or that if gold strewed the ground to-day from Cape Cod to Berkshire, a Massachusetts man would ever spend it like a Californian? This is the key-note to much which the expectation and prophecy about California seems to me to overlook. I believe that the lasting power, the true culture, the best, most rounded result—physical, moral, mental—of our national future will not spring on the Western shore, any more than on the Eastern. It lies to-day like a royal heir, hidden in secret, crowned with jewels, dowered with gold and silver, nurtured on strengths of the upper airs of the Sierras, biding the day when two peoples, meeting midway on the continent, shall establish the true center and the complete life.

It takes one hundred pages of Bancroft's "Guide-book" to instruct strangers what to see in San Francisco and how to see it—one hundred pages full of hotels, markets, meeting-houses, car-routes, museums, managories, public schools, asylums, hospitals, foundries, mills, gasworks, private residences, and hack regulations. All these appear to do very well in their way, but to be singularly devoid of interest to any but the most businesslike of travelers. The population of the city is about 150,000; and this is all I know about San Francisco, considered from a statistical point of view. The hotels, I might add, have been so much injured by being called the best in the world that they are now decidedly poor. There is in the whole city but one hotel on the European plan—which is the only endurable plan; and this hotel is not more than a third or fourth-rate house.

There are two things to do in San Francisco (besides going to the Chinese theater). One is to drive out of the city, and the other is to sail away from it. If you drive, you drive out to the Cliff House, to breakfast on the sight of seals. If you sail, you sail around the harbor, and feast on the sight of most picturesque islands. Alcatraz, Goat, and Angel islands are all fortified and garrisoned. If you are fortunate enough to go in a Government steamer, on a fort reception day, you land on these little islands, climb up their winding paths to the sound of band playing, and are welcomed to sunny piazzas and blooming gardens, with that ready cordiality of which army people know the secret. The islands are cliff-like; and the paths wind up steep grades, coming out on the plateau above. You see an effect which is picturelike. The green sward seems to meet the blue sea-line; piles of cannon-balls glisten on corners; the officers' cottages are surrounded by gardens; the broad piazzas are shady with roses; the soldiers' quarters are in straight lines or hollow squares; the sentinel paces up and down, without looking at you; the brass instruments shine and flash in the sun, at the further end of the square; and the sky and the bay seem dancing to the same measure, above and around. It is hard to believe that the scene is anything more than a pleasure spectacle, for a summer delight. On one of the islands—Alcatraz, I think—the road up to the quarters is so steep that an officer has invented a most marvelous little vehicle, in which guests are hoisted to the commandant's door. It is black; it swings low, between two huge wheels; it has two seats, facing each other; it is drawn by a stout, short-legged horse, who looks as if he had been imported out of the Liverpool dray service. The vehicle looks like nothing ever seen on wheels elsewhere. I can think of nothing to which to compare it except to two coal-scuttles joined together, one mouth making the front, one mouth making the back, and the rounded sides nearly straightened and overlapping each other.

The morning and the noon and the early afternoon all seem one on the bright, rainless skies which spread over San Francisco's matchless bay. It will be four o'clock before you get back to the city from this sail around the harbor; but you will find it hard to believe it.

The drive to the Cliff House must be taken early in the day—the earlier the better; for you must be safely back again, under shelter of the city walls, before eleven o'clock, when the winds rise and the sands begin to blow about. To be anywhere on the outskirts, suburbs, or near neighborhood of San Francisco after this hour is like being out when deserts play at "Puss, puss in the corner." Anything like the whirling sand-banks which are tossed up and around and sent back and forth in these daily gales cannot be imagined till one has seen it. Neither can the beauty of a sand-drift be imagined till you have seen one which has that very minute been piled up, and which will not lie where it is more than one minute longer. No snow-drift can be lovelier. Of an exquisite pale tint—too yellow to be brown, too brown to be yellow, and too white to be either; too soft to quite glisten, too bright not to shine; mottled, dimpled, shadowed, and shaded; lined, graven, as if were, from bottom to top with the finest, closest, rippling curves, marking each instant's new level and sweep, as water-lines write on beaches. There it lies—in a corner of an open street, it may be, or even across your road. Look quick! Already the fine crest undulates; the base-line alters. In a minute more it will be a cloud of torturing dust, which will cover, suffocate, madden you, as it whirls away miles to east or west, to nestle again for another minute in some other hollow or corner.

The Cliff House stands on the very edge of the Pacific Ocean. From the westward piazza you look not only off; you look down on the water. The cliffs are not high; but they are bold and rocky, and stretch off northward to the Golden Gate. To the south, miles long, lies the placid beach. The low, quiet swell, the day we were there, scarce seemed enough to bring the tiniest shell. Buried deep in the sand lay the wreck of a brig, the prow pointed upward, as if still some purpose struggled in its poor, wrecked heart. The slow, incoming tide lapped and bathed it, washing, even while we looked, fresh sand into the seams and higher up around the keel. But out a few rods from the shore were navigators whose fates and freaks soon diverted and absorbed our attention.

It is so much the fashion to be tender, not to say sentimental, over the seals of the Cliff House rocks that I was disappointed not to find myself falling into that line as I looked at them. But the longer I looked the less I felt like it.

It is, of course, a sight which ought to profoundly touch the humane heart, to see a colony of anything that lives left unmolested, unharmed of men; and it, perhaps, adds to the picturesqueness and interest of the Cliff House situation to have these licensed warblers disporting themselves, safe and shiny, on the rocks. But when it comes to the seals themselves, I make bold to declare that, if there be in the whole animal kingdom any creature of size and sound less adapted than a seal for a public pet, to adorn public grounds—I mean waters—I do not know such creature's name. Shapeless, boneless, limbless, and featureless; neither fish nor flesh; of the color and consistency of India-rubber diluted with mucilage; slipping, clinging, sticking like gigantic leeches; flapping, walloping with unapproachable clumsiness; lying still, lazy, inert, asleep, apparently, till they are baked browner and hotter than they like, then plunging off the rocks, turning once over in the water, to wet themselves enough to bear more baking; and all the while making a noise too hideous to be described—a mixture of bray and squeal and snuff and snort—old ones, young ones, big ones, little ones, masculine, feminine, and, for aught I know, neuter, by dozens, by scores—was there ever anything droller in the way of a philanthropy, if it be a philanthropy, or in the way of a public amusement, if it be an amusement, than this? I say, let them be sold, and their skins given to the poor; and let peace and quiet reign along that delicious beach and on those grand old rocks.

Going back to the city, you drive for two or three miles on the beach, still water on your right and sand-hills, covered thick with blue and yellow and red flowers, on your left. Surely, never an ocean met more gracious welcome. Many of the flowers seem to be of the cactus species; but they intertwine and mat their tangles so as to make great spaces of solid color. Then you take a road turning sharply away from the sea, eastward. It is hard and bright red. It winds at first among green marshes, in which are here and there tiny blue lakes; then it ascends and winds among more sand-hills, still covered with flowers; then higher still, and out on broader opens, where the blue lupine and the yellow escholtzia grow literally by fields full; and then, rounding a high hill, it comes out on a plateau, from which the whole city of San Francisco, with the bay beyond and the high mountains beyond the bay, lies full in sight. This is the view which shows San Francisco at its best; and reveals, also, how much better that best ought to have been made.

I said there were but three things to do in San Francisco. There are four. And the fourth is to go and see Mr. Muybridge's photographs.

The scenery of California is known to Eastern people chiefly through the big but inartistic pictures of Watkins. When it is known through the pictures which Mr. Muybridge is now engaged in taking it will be seen in its true beauty and true proportions. Everything depends on standpoint; very few photographs of landscapes really render them. Of two photographs, both taking in precisely the same objects and both photographing them with accuracy, one may be good and the other worthless, to all intents and purposes. No man can so take a photograph of a landscape as to render and convey the whole truth of it, unless he is an artist by nature, and would know how to choose the point from which that landscape ought to be painted. Mr. Muybridge is an artist by nature. His photographs have composition. The curves and lines of them of which it is difficult to believe that they are not taken from paintings—such unity, such effect, such vitality do they possess, in comparison with the average photograph, which has been made, haphazard, to cover so many square feet and take in all that happened to be there. Mr. Muybridge's pictures have another peculiarity, which of itself would mark them superior to others. The skies are always most exquisitely rendered. His cloud photographs alone fill a volume; and many of them remind one vividly of Turner's studies of skies. The contrast between a photographed landscape, with a true sky added, and one with the usual ghastly, lifeless, pallid, stippled sky is something which it is impossible to overstate.

Mr. Muybridge has a series of eight pictures illustrative of the California vintage, all of which are exquisitely beautiful, and any one of which, painted in true color simply from the photograph as it stands, would seem to be a picture from a master's hand. One of the first pictures in the series, representing the first breaking of the soil for the vineyard, is as perfect a Millet as could be imagined. The soft, tender distance, outlined by low mountain ranges; a winding road, losing itself in a wood; a bare and stricken tree on the right of the foreground; and in the center a solitary man, plowing the ground. Next comes the same scene, with the young vines just starting. The owner is sitting on a bank in the foreground, looking of dreamily over his vineyard. Then there are two pictures representing the cutting of the grapes and the piling of them into the baskets and the wagons. The grouping of the vintagers in these is exquisite. Then there is a picture of the storehouses and the ranges of casks; all so judiciously selected and placed that it might be a photograph from some old painting of still life in Meran. The last picture of all is of the corking the bottles. Only a group of workmen, under an open shed, corking wine-bottles; but every accessory is so artistically thrown in that the whole scene reminds one of Teniers.

Mr. Muybridge has as yet taken no large pictures of the Yo-Semite Valley; but his small ones are the only ones which seem to me to convey any true impression of the magnitudes of distance, of hight and depth, or of the beauty of the atmospheric effects in that charmed valley. He is now engaged, however, in taking a series of large pictures. He proposes to spend six months in the valley, on the line of the Overland Railroad, and in other places of marked interest and beauty in California. This series of photographs will undoubtedly be the most magnificent ever taken in the world. Seventeen thousand dollars have already been subscribed for them, chiefly in California, for the project has not as yet been brought to notice at the East. Subscribers will receive for $100 forty of these large pictures—pictures of the size which is usually sold for $4 or $5. It is a most wonderful opportunity for all lovers of art, and I only wish it could be generally known in New York and Boston. But Mr. Muybridge is too truly an artist in temperament to be a good vendor of his own pictures. His room on Montgomery street in San Francisco is a back room, up stairs, little more than a closet; and it was merely by a friend's accidental mention of the Vintage Series that we found him out. He has also some pictures of Alaska scenery, which are as unique and beautiful as those I have described.

I am not sure, after all, that there is anything so good to do in San Francisco as to spend a forenoon in this little upper chamber, as we did, looking over these marvelous pictures.

Literary Department.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE *Atlantic* begins with an account, by Mr. E. H. House, of Japanese theatricals. Mr. Parton's chapter this month is called "Thomas Jefferson as a Sorehead"; Mr. De Mille's story becomes rather interesting at last; Mrs. E. L. Linton gives an account of a quaint theory that Falstaff was not a coward, after all; Mrs. A. H. Leonowens writes an Oriental sketch; and the politico-economical article is by Mr. Charles Seymour. Of the poetry, Mr. Whittier's "The Three Bells" is admirable, as is Paul H. Hayne's "Aspects of the Pines"; but one will hardly give Bret Harte's verses a second reading, while "Reproof," by Charlotte F. Bates, can be omitted entirely without detriment to the reader. In the editorial pages the Jubilee receives its final quietus from a very bare critical bodkin.

In the *Galaxy* is an admirable sketch, by Justin McCarthy, of Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian. Mr. McCarthy is a brilliant magazinist and all his essays are thoroughly readable. General Custer continues his Western sketches; John Hay has a long and good translation from the Spanish; and Mr. Albert Rhodes writes about the French once more, this time discussing Gallican gallantry. The "Galaxy Club-Room" is occupied again by Miss Kate Sanborn, who gives a large and amusing collection of anecdotes and jests concerning corpulency and corpulent people.

The *Catholic World* contains, among other things, good articles on "Intellectual Centers" and "The Use and Abuse of the Stage." The writer of the first essay, however, views with pain the irreligious atmosphere of Boston, which he considers mentally good but spiritually bad.

Mr. Edward King, sometime correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, is the author of the opening article in *Scribner's*, which is called "In and About Paris." Mr. King seems to have a genuine enthusiasm concerning the French capital, as his finely illustrated article shows. The pictures in the account of "Sculpture" are very unsuccessful, there having been, apparently, some difficulty in the printing of them. "H. H.'s" poem, "A Ballad of the Gold Country," is a good one, and pleasantly describes the mutability of fortune. The author of "English Singing Birds in Florence" calls Landor "the great bear of *contemporaneous* literature," and includes those eminent poets, Charles Lever, Mrs. Trollope, and T. A. Trollope among the singers. Miss Trafton's "After the Darkness, Light," Hiram Rich's excellent "Vater's Vacation," and Miss Hodgson's "One Day at Arle" are the stories of the number. Twenty-nine pages are given up to Mrs. Oliphant's novel, an amount of space which could have been profitably filled otherwise.

The most noticeable articles in the *Popular Science Monthly* are Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology," Dr. Carpenter's "Unconscious Action of the Brain," and Mr. Clarke's "Scientific Dabblers." The editor of this magazine should make due acknowledgments, as he does not, when an article is taken from an English source.

In *Lippincott's* is a long, very improbable, but interesting story, translated from Victorien Sardou by Elizabeth T. Bigelow. The best article is by Ralph Keeler, "The Great American Hotel." "No. 25" is a short story by Sara Conant, showing some power; and, lastly, there is a mysterious political article, called "Reform on Two Stools."

In *Old and New* is an anonymous but cautious and valuable political essay, which ought to be carefully and widely read; Mrs. R. S. Greenough's poem is a short but exquisite one; Mrs. Anne Crane Seemuller gives some interesting negro sketches; and Mr. Bryant discusses the merits of an old and forgotten English poet, John Oldham.

The most attractive article in *Harper's* is, perhaps, Mr. Stoddard's entertaining sketch of Poe. Mr. Hay's translation of Castelar's papers on Republicanism is continued, as well as Porte Crayon's "The Mountains" and Charles Reade's novel; and there is also a good illustrated article on Venice. The "Recollections of an Old Stager" will please those who are fond of anecdote; and the "Easy Chair" will, of course, please every one.

The *Atline* seems unusually successful in its pictures of animal life, and the dog in the present number is about as attractive as the cat which we mentioned a month or two ago. "Moonlight on the Hudson" is a well-engraved and well-printed woodcut. The literary contents this month are varied and attractive.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Some Elements of Religion. By H. P. Liddon. Cr. 8vo, pp. x. 241. Scribner, Welford & Armstrong $1.50

The Insect World. By L. Figuier. Cr. 8vo, pp. v. 538. D. Appleton & Co. 3.50

Doctor Vandyke. By J. R. Cooke. 8vo, paper, pp. 143. The same. 75

The Church School and its Officers. By J. H. Vincent. 16mo, pp. 224. Carlton & Lanahan.

Sunday-school Institutes and Normal Classes. By J. H. Vincent. 16mo, pp. 186. The same.

Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament. By G. Rawlinson. 16mo, pp. 180. The same.

The Character and Career of Francis Asbury. By E. L. Janes. 16mo, pp. 615. The same.

Normal Class Outlines on Teaching. By J. Alden. 16mo, pp. 32. The same.

Outlines of Christian Evidences. By J. Alden. 16mo, pp. 32. Nelson & Phillips.

The Science of Elocution. By S. S. Hamill. 16mo, pp. 384. The same.

At the Altar. From the German of E. Werner. By J. S. L. 16mo, pp. 343. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Jamieson, Fausset, and Brown's Commentary. Vol. III. 8vo, pp. xivili, 767. The same.

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rely think of considering whether ue of religious opinion in Chris- has any bearing on the progress h Pagan lands; but foreign mis- ave full opportunity of observing ge. In Calcutta, for example, the versions is at the present time ong educated men than it has before, and missionaries are com- ibute it to the tone of religious prevailing in Europe. The skep- in regard to Revelation, the doc- ationalism, the alleged conflict be- ce and religion that have pre- parts of the Continent all are ng disastrously the mission work there seems to be a general belief ected Hindus that missionaries antiquated form of Christianity, tened men in Europe are for- herefore, they determine to wait to form religion will assume there y decide as to their own belief. ief is not infidelity or positive is indecision, perplexity, and f Christian truth.

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eports by many strong arguments that Solomon did not himself fall ery; but only sanctioned the worship of his Sidonian, Amm.on- ife wives.

Ethan declares that the extent of kingdom required either tolera- ence or persecution. "When the ael Jews became a king of a great pire, he had no course but to e religion of his non-Jewish sub- exterminate them."

ring the commercial intercourse Phœnicia and Israel had grown to ations. Solomon was dependent King of Tyre, for workmen and ls of Lebanon. Phœnician mer- passing through the land in ion, to the "highways in the ending on its inhabitants for sion and for their supply and at the beginning of the desert Phœnician commerce was passing g the whole length of the coast, at every port, pouring into the wealth of silver and dyed fabrics, ling works of art for the wheat oil and wine, so indispensable to upied cities of the north. Where- Tyrian and Sidonian merchants as they often did, in large com- y made it an invariable stipula- commercial treaties that they in the free exercise of their cus- national religion. This included, liberty to erect shrines to Baal ch, and to dedicate groves

The "high places which Jerusalem, which were on hand of the mount of cor- ch Solomon, the King of Israel, t for Ashtoreth, the abomination ans," may have been erected in with the wishes of one of his wives; but afterward, during the to the time of Josiah, they must kept up by the Tyrian merchants t in that quarter of Jerusalem Mechtesh. "Howl, ye inhabitants for all the merchant people are ll they that bear silver are cut lanish, i, 11.

the constant presence of a fascin- of temptation before the eyes of ady disposed to fall in with it. royal tolerance must have added impulse in the wrong direction. ard path of the children of Israel and rapid. Ashtoreth's worship checked until the reign of Josiah, and with the sacrilege of the s by women weeping for Adonis, e and twenty sun-worshipers, the ll curse was pronounced: "There-

fore will I also deal in fury. Mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity; and, though they cry in mine ear, with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them."—Ezekiel, viii, 18.

Education.

THE National Educational Association held its twelfth annual session in Boston, according to previous announcement, August 6th—8th. Many distinguished educators were present from nearly every section of the country, though the attendance of teachers in general, judging from the newspaper reports, was not so large as at some previous meetings. One of the noteworthy features of the occasion was the presence and participation of Mr. Mori, the Japanese *charge d'affaires* at Washington. Mr. Mori, during his residence in this country, has constantly shown the most careful and intelligent interest in our educational system. He considers universal education the indispensable basis of the new civilization which his countrymen are endeavoring to naturalize, and is earnestly laboring to establish in Japan a system of free public schools similar to our own. In his speech before the Association, if he is correctly reported, he favored the introduction of English as the common language of the schools and the people.....There seems to have been nothing particularly novel in the papers read before the Association, or the accompanying discussions; but a steady advance of educational thought and purpose was fully manifest. The union of organizations that was effected two years ago at Cleveland is bringing the different interests to a better mutual understanding, and showing those who are working in separate departments of the educational field that their work is really one, that there is no sound reason for jealousies and antagonisms, and that there can be no well-established system of national education which does not include every grade, from lowest to highest. It will be a long step in advance when the primary school, the grammar school, the high school and academy, the college and the university are fully recognized as connected parts of a machinery having one end—the best attainable education for all youth.....U. S. Commissioner Eaton presented a paper on the "Educational Value of Statistics."

"He gave important and interesting facts as to the comparative time when educational statistics were first kept in the several states. The first record of the employment of women as teachers in Massachusetts appears to be at Woburn, in 1673. Some of the lessons of the census of 1870 were given. Over 6,550,000 were reported in over 124,000 schools of the country. Of this number of pupils 232,000 were foreign. These scholars were instructed by over 210,000 teachers, 92,000 of these being males. The total expenditure for instruction was $94,194,000. The extremes of expenditure per head are, in Arkansas 64 cents, and in Connecticut $8.39. Three hundred thousand persons, by changing their votes, would generally determine any election; and yet there are six times as many illiterate voters. What a call for a broader basis of education! The advance of the illiterate vote as to read and write would add to the wealth of this country double what is annually paid for education. He closed by a fervent appeal to all to elevate the standard of education. Mr. B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, followed with a few remarks. He was sorry that the statistics had been distorted in England so as to charge the North with a failure to educate the people; when the fact was that most of the illiteracy reported was a result of foreign importations."

Closely connected with this subject was the paper by Hon. J. Hodgson, state superintendent of public instruction in Alabama, on "Education in the South."

"The ignorance of the common people there," he said, "was general and lamentably great. The condition was even worse among the whites than among the colored population; for, while the latter, at the worst, were but at a standstill, the former were actually growing more and more illiterate. Of the voters of that section upward of 1,120,000 were unable to read or write. He was favorable to the idea of compulsory education, believing that, if the Government has the right to tax the people to educate the masses, it had an equal right to make those masses receive the benefits of the levy. But he declared emphatically that the South was not in a condition to endure any great taxation for schools or any other purpose, as the rate now was generally in that section twice as high as in the older states. He hoped that the general Congress might see fit to extend a helping hand to these people. This was the more to be desired as the states admitted to the Union after 1848 received gratuities of land for educational purposes far in excess of what the earlier members of the Union were given, and the conclusion of the address, President Hancock drew attention to the very great importance of Gen. Hodgson's utterances. John Eaton, Jr., United States Commissioner of Instruction, followed. He was strongly in favor of having aid extended to the Southern States. Mr. Blake, of North Carolina, hoped the paper read by Gen. Hodgson might be placed before all the educational men of the country, believing that it expressed the exact condition and great need of the South. Mr. Hubbard, of Iowa, expressed similar views. Hon. A. P. Wickersham, of Pennsylvania, stated that he opposed certain bills heretofore presented to Congress, yet favored any bill that would help to build up the public schools of the suffering South. Pennsylvania and Ohio would be very likely to oppose Mr. Hoar's bill; but would support any bill that will assist both the whites and the blacks." Dr. Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, desired to have a system of management inaugurated in the South similar to the Rhode Island system or the itinerant system of Sweden. President Hancock closed the debate with a touching tribute to many of those able educators endeavoring to elevate the people of the South."

.....Professor Newell, before the elementary department, and Professor March, before that of higher instruction, hit upon somewhat the same line of thought respecting the teaching of English. Professor March argued that "good habits of speech in conversation are caught, rather than taught; hence, there should be frequent and free conversations between teacher and pupil. The declamation of choice passages from the best authors is recommended; also special exercises in errors of speech, by which is meant not vulgarities, but, rather, violations of syntax and grammatical principles in general. Translating from other languages is really a study and practice in English, and as such should be carefully improved. There should be in all studies which permit it the practice of teaching by topics. The student should stand and face his fellows, and speak to them on the subject on which he is to recite—this last being, on the whole, the most efficient means of giving the power of connected discourse." Professor Newell said:

"We learn to sing by singing, and to draw by drawing; and in the same way we must be taught to speak and write correctly by speaking and writing. He thought it a mistake to place the theory before the art; not to say anything of the fact that the theory is not understood by the pupil. Grammar is a science, and should be taught as a science. Language is an art, and should be taught as an art. Grammar is the theory of language, and should be taught as the theory of language. Language is the practice of grammar, and should be taught as the practice of grammar. Grammar is the science of language, and should be taught as the science of language. Language is the art of grammar, and should be taught as the art of grammar

Insurance.

We are now approaching the busy season of the year, which will be the more active as during the past unusually hot summer business has been almost suspended; in addition to which there has been in prospect a change in the tariff, that naturally has kept trade in abeyance until the effect could be more clearly ascertained.

There is now, however, before us every indication of a prosperity that will be felt throughout the whole extent of the land; and profits will be realized—the result of honest industry—that will place it in the power of most, if not of all of us, to make some preparation for the future, if, as we fear, this has in too many cases been neglected.

Need we remind our readers that there is no medium for accomplishing this like life insurance? So long have we been an advocate of the system that it seems like a thrice-told tale. But until its adoption has become even still more universal it will not only bear repetition, but should be as patiently and respectfully listened to as the teachings from the pulpit; for "is it not divine in its precept," and has it not the authority in every civilized country of the most eminent statesmen and preachers of the Gospel? What can be wiser than in the palmy days of fortune, which may not endure always, to make provision against contingencies by means of policies settled for the benefit of wives and children? Let at least some portion of our surplus earnings be directed away from the many dangerous and delusive schemes which are always floated in such times as we speak of, and which rarely result otherwise than in disaster hereafter. We can fearlessly say that many a man who has devoted his savings to the support of uncertain and visionary enterprises, with which we are always more or less surrounded, will live to regret that he did not embark his money in life assurance.

Financial & Commercial.

THE VALUE OF MONEY.

The term *value* is employed by writers on political economy either to indicate value in the simple sense of usefulness or value in exchange. When an article is directly appropriated and consumed, it is said to have value on account of the properties which make it useful to the owner. A barrel of flour has value to the family that lives upon it; and so a garment is of value to the person who wears it. When, however, an article is employed not for the purpose of direct use or consumption, but as the means of procuring something else by being exchanged for it, then in this method of use its value lies wholly in its exchangeable or purchasing power. The owner does not consume it or use it, except to procure something else which he desires and deems valuable in the element of direct usefulness.

Money, simply as money, used for this purpose, has and can have no other than an exchange value; and that, too, immaterial what may be the material of which it is composed. The material may be capable of other uses; yet, when employed as a circulating medium, its value is just equivalent to its purchasing power. The amount of money which it takes to buy a bushel of wheat is said to be the *price* of wheat per bushel, since price always expresses the value of any commodity, considered in relation to money. But the quantity of wheat that a given sum of money will buy equally measures and expresses the purchasing power of money in relation to wheat, and in this sense indicates its exchange value. If money be a standard of value in respect to commodities, by computing and expressing it in prices, then these commodities are equally a standard for measuring and expressing the purchasing power or exchange value of money. John Stuart Mill has very correctly said that, "if prices are low, money will buy much of other things, and is of high value; if prices are high, it will buy little of other things, and is of low value. The value of money is inversely as general prices—falling as they rise, and rising as they fall." If a dollar at one time will buy a bushel of wheat, and at another time only half a bushel, then, as tested by the wheat, it differs widely at these two periods in its exchange value.

Since then money, when used as money, has no other than an exchange value, and since, moreover, all experience shows that its purchasing power is not uniform, it is not and cannot be an absolute standard for the computation and measurement of other values. It is not, like the yard-stick or pound weight, always identical in what it measures; but rather, like all commodities that are the subjects of exchange among men, variable, as the effect of causes which no legislation in respect to coinage and no legal-tender acts can prevent or essentially modify. Congress may, by its authority, determine what shall pass current as a dollar, and it may so describe this dollar as to preclude all ambiguity; but it is not in the power of Congress or any other legislative body to decide how much or how little of any given article a dollar shall buy. There is a "higher law" than that of political legislation which settles this question; and, though this law operates with great uniformity in like circumstances, it gives very different results when the circumstances differ.

It is a fact as familiar to all as the alphabet that, when money is scarce and the commodities for which it may be exchanged are abundant, the value of money is increased just in proportion as the prices of these commodities are cheapened. It is equally well known that, when commodities are scarce and money is abundant, the value of the latter is lessened just in proportion as prices rise. The relations existing between the circulating medium and the things for which it may be exchanged maintain under the law of supply and demand no absolute uniformity, simply because there is no such uniformity in the supply or the demand, considered relatively to each other. Congress may decide that the people shall have just so much money in circulation, and no more; but no law of Congress can determine *where* this money shall circulate, what shall be the amount of business it shall aid in doing, or what shall be the supply of commodities in the market, considered relatively to the demand or to this quantity of money.

In relation to money we may obviously have too much legislation, as well as too little. When the civil authority has decided what shall be money, and provided a sound and safe system for organizing banking institutions, to receive deposits make loans, and issue a representative currency, it has gone to the utmost length of its province. This is enough for all practical purposes, and more will be too much. Any effort to go beyond this point—to make money an absolute standard of value by the material used, to limit the quantity, or interfere with the natural course of things under the general law of supply and demand—will be worse than labor lost. It will be an effort to do by legislation what should be left to the unwritten yet well-known laws of trade. A serious objection to our national banking system is the limitation which it imposes upon the amount of currency which may be issued. It is in this respect a cast-iron system, not sufficiently flexible to adjust itself to the wants of the people. Congress would do a wise thing in repealing the limitation, and leave the people to decide for themselves, under the instincts of capital and trade, as to the amount of bank issues necessary for their accommodation. Guarantee the circulation, and then let it work freely under natural laws.

SPECULATIVE PRICES.

The underlying principle of all speculative prices consists in an attempt to force the market out of its natural and normal course in legitimate trade. The expedients for this purpose are various, but they all at last come to this single principle.

The money market is one of the points of attack. A clique of speculators, bankers, and perhaps banking institutions, combine together to produce an artificial stringency in money, intending thereby to increase the rate of interest or depress prices. They lock up and render inactive for the time being ten, fifteen, or twenty millions of dollars, and their end is gained. Money is practically scarce. The demand is far in excess of the supply; and now comes the period of general distress, for which these conspirators are fully prepared. They speculate upon the fall of prices, and loan money at exorbitant rates of interest. Large profits are made out of the necessities of the people. All such operations have their seat and source in a most dishonorable selfishness.

The stock market is occasionally the theater of what is known as a "corner." A powerful combination of men organize themselves to get possession and control of nearly all the shares of a given stock in the market. They buy the stock in large amounts of "short" sellers, to be delivered at a future time. The sellers unwittingly step into the trap; and when the time for delivery arrives the stock is not to be had in the market except at a very large advance. Indeed, they are compelled to buy it at an extravagant price of the parties to whom they had sold it. In this way millions of dollars change hands. The process, whether the "bulls" or the "bears" get the advantage, is simply an act of plunder, under the forms of bargain and sale.

In like manner "corners" are made or sought to be made in specific commodities, which are constantly demanded by the necessities of men. A given commodity is bought up, and kept out of the market until the supply is exhausted. The demand for it at once raises the price; and the consumers, pressed by their wants, are compelled to buy it at dear rates. The experiment is generally a dangerous one to the speculator; yet, with sufficient monetary strength, it is sometimes successful and always cruel, inasmuch as it speculates upon the daily necessities of men.

The question of wages is not infrequently subjected to the same process. Employers, either by a general understanding or by a formal agreement, put their hands together to depress the price of labor. Seizing upon the favorable moment, they refuse to employ men except at lower rates; and, since the working classes, to a large extent, live from day to day upon their earnings, they must work for what they can get or starve. So, too, employees organize themselves into unions of various trades to put up the price of labor. They refuse to sell their labor for its current market value. In the end comes a "strike" for wages; and then follows "the tug of war" between the employer and the employee—for a general rule, terminating in the damage of both parties. The whole transaction is unfair and practically dishonest, whichever side attempts it.

Speculation in the purchase and sale or rental of real estate seems, at a certain period of the year, to be a chronic condition in New York, Brooklyn, and other large cities. The 1st of May brings the moving day. The speculating season opens about the 1st of February and lasts till near the 1st of May. This is the time for speculators and landlords, if possible, to inflate prices. Bogus sales at bogus prices, with the help of fraudulent auctioneers, are made to create artificial valuations, and compel those who are in the market to buy, for permanent investment or use, to pay a large price. The inflation goes on till the genuine purchasers retire from the market; and then the bubble bursts, and woe to those upon whom the consequences fall. There is a natural rise in real estate with the growth and improvement of cities; but these periodical and artificial movements are always a nuisance and an evil.

Landlords in the commencement of the rental season are very sure to raise the question of increased rental; and, if possible, force the reality upon their tenants. There is a natural relation of rent to the value of property; and all efforts to carry the rental above this mark are simply speculative and oppressive. New York is being depopulated of its middling class of people by exorbitant rents. They are actually driven into the country, because they cannot live in the city. Merchants are so enormously taxed with store rentals that they find it very difficult to pay their expenses, to say nothing about the question of net profits. Rents are manifestly too high. It is not possible for lessees to bear such ponderous weights much longer. They are out of proportion to the productiveness of industry and the profits of business. Landlords will in the end have to discount their present profits by a very considerable reduction in the rate of rent.

The natural movement of prices under the law of supply and demand is all right. Perversions of this law for speculative purposes are all wrong. This is the sum of what we have to say on this subject.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

The Purchase of Stolen Bonds.—This is the age of bonded securities, that, like bank bills, pass from hand to hand, and perform no inconsiderable currency service in the financial machinery of the country. Such bonds, with their attached coupons, are changing owners at the rate of millions every day. They are liable to be stolen, and not infrequently some of them are stolen; and then pass into the market, and are bought in good faith. Manifestly the thief acquires no lawful possession by his theft; but, if the stolen bonds are purchased by others in good faith, without any collusion with the thief or any knowledge of his act, their title is a legal one, though that of the vendor may have been vicious. This question has several times arisen in courts of justice; and in regard to it the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that "coupon bonds of the ordinary kind, payable to bearer, pass by delivery, and a purchaser of them in good faith is unaffected by the want of title in the vendor. The burden of proof, in a question of good faith, lies on the party who assails the possession." This is obviously the right view. Purchasers, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, have a right to presume that the vendor of bonded securities, made payable to the bearer, and therefore negotiable by simple delivery, is their lawful possessor, and hence fully competent to effect the transfer. They are under no obligation to trace the prior history of these securities, any more than that of a bank bill, and determine, before making the purchase, whether they have been stolen, either by the vendor himself or by some other party. It would not be possible to do this; and, if it were required as a rule of law, then the rule would be equivalent to the exclusion of all such securities from the exchanges of the market. No man would buy them if his title might in this way be vitiated. Innocent purchasers of stolen bonds ought to be protected in their title as against any prior claim. The holders of coupon bonds must take care of them, and so take care of them that they are not stolen. This is generally done by the promptings of their own interest; but where they fail to do it civil society, though it will punish the thief and all parties acting in complicity with him, and dispossess both of the stolen property, will not undertake to perpetuate the title as against the rights of innocent purchasers. The rights of the latter have been honestly and lawfully acquired; and not to protect them would be to them an act of injustice, besides deranging the financial machinery of society. Those who hold securities of the class in question must take the hazard of holding them. If they do not wish to do this, then their remedy is to change them for registered bonds, that do not pass by delivery.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY.

The following resolutions in regard to the death of Mr. Satterlee were adopted by the directors of the Washington Fire Insurance Company, at a meeting held on Aug. 21st:

Whereas, By the unlooked-for death of Mr. Geo. C. Satterlee, it has pleased Divine Providence to take from us our late friend and president, who has for more than twenty years presided over both organizations of the Washington Fire Insurance Company with watchful care and signal ability; and

Whereas, Many of us have had intimate social and business relations with him during this time, and a long period antecedent thereto, in which he has always been held in the highest estimation by us;

Resolved, That in all these years the life and character of the deceased, as exemplified in the high-toned and honorable merchant in the faithful and just performance of all the duties pertaining to the many positions of trust and confidence conferred upon him, in his kind and courteous demeanor in all the social relations of life, and in all the graces and attributes of the true and dignified Christian gentleman, have endeared his memory to us in no ordinary manner, and we hold and cherish it with the most affectionate regard and esteem,

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathies are tendered to his friends in their sorrowful bereavement and irreparable loss, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them by our secretary.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered in our minutes.

[Attest] W. K. Lotuhop, *Secretary.*

At a special meeting of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, held on August 8th, after eulogistic remarks had been made, it was voted that Messrs. Crowell, of the Phœnix, Hodges of the Hoffman, McDonald of the Royal, Martin of the Home, and Ely of the Peter Cooper Insurance Companies prepare suitable resolutions, and by the unanimous vote of the Board the resolutions were directed to be sent to the family of the deceased:

Resolved, That, by the sudden death of Mr. Geo. C. Satterlee, for so many years president of the Washington Insurance Company, and for a long term of years a member of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, we are most forcibly reminded of man's frailty and the uncertainty of life.

Resolved, That as vice-president of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters from 1850 to 1861, and for years one of the members of the executive committee, the deceased discharged his official duties with distinguished ability, and all his official acts met with general approbation.

Resolved, That we shall do well to emulate his virtues, to pattern after his unvarying uprightness, his Christian charity, his pleasant deportment, and great kindness with which he ever greeted all.

Resolved, That, while we deplore his death, and would offer our sincere condolence to the family of the deceased, we would and should be thankful to Almighty God for having continued his useful life beyond "threescore and ten years," that his family, the members of the Board, and the community might enjoy the good influence, of his life, so constantly manifested by precept and example.

[Attest] Wm. W. Henshaw, *Secretary New York Board of Fire Underwriters.*

FINANCIAL ITEMS.

Here are a few facts about our own and other income taxes. The modern income tax originated at the beginning of the Napoleonic war, in 1793, and Mr. Pitt was its originator. It was dropped at the peace of Amiens, in 1802, revived again at the breaking of that peace, in 1803, and continued till the battle of Waterloo, in 1813. Since then Great Britain has at various times relevied and dropped it. Great Britain to-day raises £11,300,000 out of her income tax, and here is her form of levy:

Schedule A—Lands, tenements	6d. on £.	
" B—Occupiers of farms	3d.	"
" D, E, and F—Income	7d.	"
Scotland and Ireland—Composition for tithes	3d.	"
" C, D, and E—Income	7d.	"

If under £160, exempt; if £200, £60 allowed.

Collections under the property and income tax:

March, 1870, to March, 1871	£6,336,000
1869-70—Schedule A	2,227,500
" B	2,24,104
" C	653,654
" D, E, and F	2,200,653
" E	3,7,974
Total 1870	£6,290,611

Prussia has a classified income tax. France raised in 1871 $18,000,000 by her income tax. We started our income tax July 1st, 1862, with a levy of 3 per cent. upon all incomes over $600 and 5 per cent. on all over $10,000. At the same time corporation earnings were taxed 3 per cent. June 30th, 1864, an act was passed largely increasing the income tax. This act levied 5 per cent. upon all incomes over $600 and under $5,000, 7½ per cent. upon incomes over $5,000 and under $10,000, and 10 per cent. on all over $10,000. Taxes on corporations were increased to 5 per cent. But under the act of 1864 no income tax was collected except from corporations, since it was changed before a day for its collection came round. July 4th, 1864, a joint resolution was passed making each man's return pay in October, 1864, 5 per cent. additional on the income of 1863, making 8 per cent. for the individual income tax of 1863. March 3d, 1865, Congress repealed the act of June 30th, 1864, and fixed the tax at 5 per cent. on all incomes over $600 and 10 per cent. on all over $5,000. July 13th, 1866, all income tax, both of individuals and corporations, was fixed at 5 per cent., and the faith of Congress was pledged that the tax should be collected till, for, and including the year 1870. By the act of July 14th, 1870, the last of the income tax laws, the tax was reduced to 2½ per cent., and the exemption extended to $2,000.

—In twenty-four years about three thousand million dollars of gold have been coined at the four principal mints of the world. Here are the precise figures:

England	$818,940,000
France	1,209,945,000
The United States	927,385,000
Sydney	141,815,000
Total	$3,088,085,000

It will surprise most to see France heading this list. In looking at these figures, it must be remembered that a deduction must be made for recoinage—the same gold having been coined twice over in different countries. The twenty-four years of which we have spoken date from 1848, at which time the world's supply of gold was estimated at $2,000,000,000.

—The French indemnity is the largest sum ever paid by one country to another in so short a time. We are finally able to get at the exact figures. The grand total is 1,441,487,961 thalers, not including the 5 per cent. interest to be paid on the three outstanding milliards from March 2d, 1872, till March 2d, 1874. Yet the Germans claim that they have let France off too cheaply. They say that France, at the opening of the present century, took one milliard francs from the Prussians when they numbered only 4½ millions and were poor, while the Germans today demand 5 milliards of a rich 36-million people.

—The stupendous robbery of the Third National Bank in Baltimore, which was recently effected by a forced entrance of expert burglars, causes some talk in banking circles. This last bank robbery was after the precise pattern of the Boylston Bank robbery, and may have been done by the same gang of scoundrels. The robbed bank, in failing to keep up a careful acquaintance with its surroundings, in the way of tenants, has laid itself open to the charge of carelessness. Every bank should at all times know who is camping above, below, or around its iron vaults.

MONEY MARKET.

The money market has been without any serious changes, though late in the week there was a sudden stringency in the loan market, produced by two or three causes which are not likely to be permanent. The culmination and collapse of the great "corner" in wheat by Chicago speculators, last week, had a disturbing influence both on gold and on the money market. The disastrous termination of the "corner," as always happens in such wild speculations, naturally throws an immense amount of grain upon the market, and the inevitable decline of prices leads to active shipments abroad, which, while they furnish a basis for foreign exchange, which reduces the price of gold, also makes an increased demand for currency, and the withdrawals from our banks tend to make money scarce and dear. On Thursday last, early in the day, money was freely loaned at 4 to 5 per cent.; but before the close of bank hours the rates were suddenly put up to 5, 6, and 7 per cent., and even as high as 7 per cent. gold was paid by some of the stock brokers who had incautiously neglected to make up their balances early in the day. The next day money was cheaper in the morning and grew more scarce in the latter part of the day.

It may be assumed now that the time for cheap money is over for the season. The active fall business has commenced, and the West will now commence drawing upon our banks for the balances that have been laying there all the summer, and activity in loans and higher rates will be inevitable. It does not by any means follow, however, that speculation at the Stock Exchange or anywhere else will be checked in consequence of the dear rate of money. The contrary effect is generally exhibited. A prominent broker in Broad Street the other day advised one of his customers to wait until money got to be worth ½ to ¾ per cent. a day before he commenced buying for a rise.

The English holders of Erie gave the market a little excitement last week by running up the price 5 per cent. in London, and through their agents here causing an advance of some 6 to 7 per cent. in the course of two days. But the Cable on Thursday reported the failure of an old East India house in London for some ten millions of dollars, and, as a member of the firm was director in the Bank of England, it affected the price of consols. Whether the house had been dabbling in Erie or not does not appear; but the next day the price of Erie fell off to 46¼, a decline of 6 per cent. from the day before. We have repeatedly cautioned our readers that Erie was one of the most uncertain and dangerous of all the speculative stocks dealt in on the Stock Exchange to take a "flyer" in, either to buy or to sell. The last month's earnings of the road are said to show a loss of over $90,000.

The decline in gold, which has been a great surprise to the clique, is attributed in a great degree to the improved prospects of the re-election of General Grant; and no stronger evidence need be asked of the feeling of Wall Street toward the two candidates now in the field than a fact like this.

INVESTING MONEY

Special attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* The Independent. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address Henry C. Bowen, Publisher of The Independent, 3 Park Place, New York.

DRY GOODS.

The early part of the week was entirely destitute of any indications of improvement in the demand for either domestic or foreign goods; but there was a decided change in the latter part of the week, which closed with a fairly active business. The extreme heat of the weather has undoubtedly acted as a check to business; but the season is now so far advanced that Western and Southern buyers cannot well afford to postpone their purchases much longer. Something has been done, too, to stimulate buyers by a revision of prices in certain styles of goods, and the increased demand has been very encouraging.

The jobbers are increasing their stocks daily, and are daily increasing their sales; but they still exercise great caution in their purchases, which is by no means an unfavorable sign.

There is a firm market for unbleached sheetings and shirtings of standard makes, and medium grades are firmly held.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings are less active; but prices are firm at the reductions recently established in Cabots and the Allendale fabrics.

Printing cloths are hardly so firm as they were quoted last week, but no essential change has taken place in the market.

Prints are in active demand, with largely increased sales; the late revision of prices being satisfactory to the trade. The market may be quoted as strong and active, with no surplus stock in first hands.

Ginghams are in less active demand, and the inferior makes are lower; but prices for the more popular makes are steady.

Cotton drills are reported to be in small supply in the hands of agents; and, though there is no special activity in these goods, prices are firm.

Cotton yarns are inactive, and the recent revision of prices has not had the effect of increasing the demand.

Cotton flannels are not specially active; but there is a fair demand for the season and prices are steady.

Apron checks are in better demand and prices are firmly maintained.

Stripes and ticks are selling moderately well and prices are firm.

Denims are inactive. There is very little inquiry for these goods for the season, but prices are very firm.

Cambrics are in the usual demand of the season, but without special activity. Prices are steady.

Rolled jaconets are only in the usual demand to supply the current demands of trade, which will be greater as the season advances. Prices are unchanged and steady.

In other descriptions of cotton goods there are no changes to report. The market is steady, but is likely to be more active next week.

Muslin de laines and domestic dress goods generally are in better demand, with an increasing business, at steady prices.

Woolen shawls are in good demand and in great variety. The prices are not materially different from last year's rates; but, as both labor and wool are higher, they are comparatively much cheaper.

Cloths and overcoatings are dull for the season, and the sales are comparatively very light, except for a few makes for city trade.

Fancy cassimeres are, like cloths, dull; and the tendency of prices is downward. The sales are confined mostly to the clothiers.

Satinets are in very little demand, except for the favorite makes of black; and there is hardly a chance for improvement, unless the manufacturers make up their minds to accept lower prices.

Flannels are fairly active and the sales are very encouraging. The late reduction of prices has been the means of stimulating purchases, and the present rates are well maintained.

Foreign goods are in better demand than they were last week; but business is still slack, and the jobbers are looking for lower prices, which will probably not be made next month. There is a good demand for velvets of the lower grades, which are said to be scarce in Europe and are certainly not in excessive supply here. Dress goods and mohairs are dull, but prices are firm. Staple silks are not in active demand, but prices are firm. Woolens of the finer grades are steady in price, but without much demand. Cotton goods are generally inactive, but prices are well maintained. The importations are large, but not excessive; and, when the jobbers learn that the reduction in the tariff will not affect prices to the extent at first anticipated, they will buy more freely and with greater confidence in the future of the market.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

FISK & HATCH, Bankers,

No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

We are selling and recommending as a good investment the

Six per Cent. Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co.,

the interest and principal of which are payable in New York City, in gold coin. They are issued in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, either coupon or registered. The price at present is 94 and accrued interest. The amount remaining unsold is small. The road is now nearly completed and will soon become one of the great trunk roads from the Atlantic tide-waters to the heart of the Great West, and opening a low grade and direct line with Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville, St. Louis, and other great cities.

We buy and sell the

Central Pacific and Western Pacific Bonds,

and also conduct a regular Banking business in all its branches, and receive deposits, on which we allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Fisk & Hatch.

INVESTING MONEY.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company, through its Financial Agents, offers for sale its First Mortgage 7-30 Gold Bonds. They fall due in 30 years, bear 7 3-10 per cent. gold interest, payable semi-annually, are exempt from U. S. tax to the holder, and are secured by first and only mortgage on

1. The Railroad, its Right of Way, Franchise, Rolling Stock, and other property.
2. Its Traffic or Net Earnings.
3. A Government Grant of Land averaging on completion of the Road about 23,000 acres per mile of track.

The Road follows what is known as the Valley Route to the Pacific, flanked most of the way by an excellent country, and is assured in advance of a vast and profitable traffic, which already awaits its completion. The work of construction is steadily and satisfactorily progressing; the settlement of the adjacent country and the building of towns keep pace with the advance of the road; a large body of the company's lands is already in market, and the proceeds of sales will constitute a Sinking Fund for the redemption of the Company's Bonds, which are convertible at 110 into the Company's Lands at market prices.

Believing that these bonds, both in point of safety and profitableness, constitute such a security as judicious investors can approve, we recommend them to the public. Government bonds and all marketable securities are received in exchange at current quotations without cost to the investor.

JAY COOKE & CO.,

New York, Philadelphia, and Washington,

FINANCIAL AGENTS NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY'S FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them.

Besides being the obligation of a wealthy corporation, composed of men of experience and high-toned commercial integrity, they are secured by a first mortgage on the road, revenues, land grant, franchise, and equipments, combined in one mortgage, and are readily negotiable both in the markets of this country and of Europe.

A Liberal Sinking Fund provided in the Mortgage Deed must advance the price upon the closing of the loan. Principal and interest payable in *gold*. Interest at eight [8] per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. Denominations $1,000, $500, and $100, Coupons or Registered.

Price 97½ and accrued interest, in currency, from August 15th, 1872.

Maps, Circulars, Documents, and information furnished.

Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York.

The diminished quantity of these Bonds for sale, and the increased demand absorbing them, warrant the belief they will soon be sought for at an advance considerably above the present subscription price at which they can now be had through the principal Banks and Bankers throughout the country, and from the undersigned, who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO.,

Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street, N. Y.

Howes & Macy, Bankers, No. 30 Wall Street, N. Y., offer the same facilities to Depositors as Incorporated Banks, and allow interest on daily balances at the rate of Four per cent. Collections made on any point at current rates, with immediate returns. Special attention paid to choice Stock, Bonds, etc., etc., for Investors.

GROCERS' MARKET REVIEW.

Reported Expressly for "The Independent," By H. K. Thurber & Co., 178 *and* 175 *Chambers*, 284 286 288 *Greenwich street, New York.*

Coffees.—The market for invoices is weak and in buyers' favor. Lines are more firmly held, but, taken as a whole, prices are drooping. Orders from the West and South are for immediate wants, country dealers having no confidence in the future of the market. The daily receipts in Rio were at last accounts 9,000 bags per day. East and West India Coffees sympathize with Rios and are dull.

Fish and Salt.—The market is cleared of New Mackerel as fast as they arrive, at enhanced values. Old are in light stock and disappearing rapidly. Codfish are steady. Arrivals are light, owing to the hot weather. Smoked Herring are firm and Dutch steady, for both new and old. Liverpool Fine Salt is firm, with a good demand. Bulk is in larger stock and steady, but less active than Sack.

Fruits.—Foreign dried are quiet. Raisins are slightly in buyers' favor. Prunes move moderately, at easier prices. Sardines continue very firm. Other kinds are in fair request, at unchanged prices. Foreign Green are steady. Domestic Dried without perceptible change. Domestic Green are plenty, at lower prices.

Molasses is more active, and with increased sales holders are firm at full prices for refining grades. The sale of fine Grocery grades are light, for want of stock, and very full rates are realized. Domestic is in request at extreme rates.

Rice.—Patna is scarce. Carolina is in very light supply and Rangoon in reduced stock. Prices of all are firm, with a fair demand.

Spices.—The market is active and tends upward. Stocks are light, and late sales are in sellers' favor. Pepper moves freely and Cassia has sold largely. Bird Peppers and Cloves are scarce, in few hands, and held at extreme figures. African Ginger is in small supply. Nutmegs are in active request.

Sugars.—Refined are more active and prices favor sellers. Producers for several weeks have not been running up to their usual capacity, and the hot weather diminishes their production. The daily product is moved off freely at full values. Crushed and Powdered are scarce and wanted. The market closed moderately active and strong, refiners anticipating better prices for the ensuing week. Raws are steady; fine grades are less freely offered than ordinary stock. The refining interest supply themselves for actual wants, the trade doing but little, in consequence of the relative cheapness of Refined. Holders offer freely, but do not evince any disposition to abate prices. The stock is slightly reduced, but ample for present wants.

Syrups are in active request; fine and good grades especially. The sales have been large, leaving a meager stock in refiners' hands, which is held very firmly; and, as the production is small, prices continue to favor sellers. Sugar House is in good request, both for export and home demand.

Teas.—There is no animation in the market for invoices or lines; but the retail trade are buying freely for the present demands of their trade. Greens are barely steady. Japans are offered at slight concessions in price. Oolongs are very weak, especially for low-grade Foochow's. Scotchongs are steady at their relatively low market value.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

Reported Expressly for "The Independent."

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.

Breadstuffs, Etc.—The market for Breadstuffs has been somewhat demoralized, owing to the collapse of the Chicago "corner." For several weeks apprehensions have been entertained that a "burst-up" must ensue; and, now that it has taken place, to the chagrin of speculators and complacency of dealers and consumers, the market may be expected to resume its normal condition. Parties desiring to "corner" the market in "the staff of life," in the face of a generous crop, will receive little or no commiseration from a discerning public, who are willing to meet a fair market, but despise monopolies. This country is too extensive for any one port to dictate prices for any protracted period. Those who have come to grief in their attempt to force up values above a legitimate point may learn a lesson of prudence and discretion from their unwise policy. Flour has been dull for most grades. The receipts are about equivalent to the sales; and, although the stock is diminishing, it is thought to be a full average for the season. New is more plenty; but, not being desirable, is slow of sale and irregular in value. Southern is easier, but closed firm. Exports to Europe are very light, but shipments to the Provinces, West Indies, and South America continue liberal. The locals and Baltimore favorite brands hold their own pretty well. Oregon and California are neglected. Flours from New and Old Wheat mixed sell fairly. There is considerable irregularity between Flours of the same nominal grade; but from Old and New Wheat, the former, of favorite bakers' brands, is held firm above buyers' views. At the close the market had the appearance of a more steady condition. Rye Flour is steady. Corn Meal more active. Wheat is coming forward irregular in quality and condition. New Western arrives more freely. A wide margin is noticeable between the best and poorest. Business is moderate and chiefly for export. Millers operate lightly, their trade not being in a favorable condition. The market was stronger toward the close, but closed firm under moderate receipts and good shipping demand. Rye is in buyers' favor. Oats are irregular and decidedly variable in quality. Barley is nominal; the crop is supposed to be large, but inferior in quality. Barley Malt tends downward. Peas and Beans without change.

Building Materials.—*Bricks* continue in good supply and demand. *Cement* is steady. *Glass* is very firm for Window. The supply of French is light, with a lack of small sizes. American blowers are not making. English is in fair supply. *Hair* is unchanged in values. *Plaster Paris* is quiet. *Lime* is in good demand, with an advance on common. *Lumber.*—Dressed Boards are in large stock and dull. Southern Pine is firm. Eastern Spruce is dull. Shingles are in full supply and light request. Advices from Ottawa speak of the closing of several large mills, for the want of water, and higher prices demanded by manufacturers. The Albany market is firmer and very active. A marked increase is noticeable in the consumption of low-grade Pine Lumber. *Laths* are in light demand and sell slow.

Cotton.—The demand for Spot is good, with liberal sales, both for export and home use. For future delivery prices are slightly better. The closing rates were higher than the opening values.

Metals.—Scotch Pig Iron is firm at quoted values. Stocks are being reduced and are small in consumers' hands. Rails are strong. Scrap is slightly in buyers' favor. Refined Bar is higher and very firm. Ingot Copper is quiet at previous rates. Pig Lead is firm. Manufactured steady. Nails are higher and very firm, with light stocks in second hands. Shot is steady. Spelter quiet. Pig Tin is depressed and prices favor purchasers. Plates are firm and quiet. Iron Ware is very firm. Zinc is steady.

Miscellaneous.—Bonswar is steady. Candles unchanged. Adamantines in small supply. Cocoanut Stock quiet. Drugs and Dyes and Dyewoods in good demand at unchanged values. Feathers steady. Gunnies inactive. Hardware has an upward tendency. Hay and Straw are in buyers' favor. Hemp is inactive. Hides are firm, with increased activity, principally for common sorts. Hops are very firm; buyers restrict their purchases to immediate wants. Indiarubber is firm. Indigo in good demand for jobbing, dull for invoices. Leather is quiet at former prices. Paints inactive. Paper and Paper Stock is dull. Seeds unchanged. Goat Skins dull. Deer steady. Jasmine firm and in fair request. Tallow firm, and in good demand for export and home use. Kentucky Tobacco is in active demand for export. Seed Leaf is in good request.

Oils, Naval Stores, Etc. — City Linseed Oil is in better request and firmer. Crude Sperm is steady. Northern Whale is firm. Menhaden is steady. Other kinds without change. Petroleum is a shade easier. Naptha is nominal. Spirits Turpentine is in small supply and slightly better prices are realized. Rosins are higher. Tar is less active. Pitch steady.

Provisions.—The Pork market is stronger, and better prices are realized, with an upward look. The advance checks the demand, buyers being loth to sustain present asking rates in the face of the supply of Live Hogs. Dressed Hogs are less firm. Old Mess Pork is in favor for its relative cheapness. Bacon is firm, but not moving to any considerable extent. Cut Meats are slightly in buyers' favor, the trade being mainly of a jobbing character. Lard is a shade firmer, but lacks activity, the export trade being restricted, in consequence of high freights and lower gold. Beef and Beef products are quiet; the sales are confined to small lots.

Wool.—The market is inactive and apparently in buyers' favor, though they do not seem to gain any concessions. Domestic is quiet and the situation unchanged. But few shipments are made from the West, dealers' views not being in harmony with farmers' ideas. California is coming forward more freely, principally best Northern grades. Although Wools for several consecutive months have ruled lower than last year's average prices, yet, being relatively higher than their products, manufacturers abstain from purchasing beyond their immediate requirements, in the hope of still lower values. Carpet and Carpet Wools are in fair demand, but the transactions are small.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING AUG. 27TH, 1872.

[Reported Ex Pressly for The Independent.]

Beeves are in good demand. Prices receded a little in the middle of the week, but recovered toward the close. Although the extreme values of last week were not attained, for lack of a good quality, the average is about ¼ cent higher. The offerings in general were of about same quality as last week, with less Texans and an increase of poor native Steers, rough Stags, and dry Cows. Veal Calves sell readily and good Grassers are taken more freely. Sheep and Lambs are a little slow of sale.

Beeves.—Arrived 8,183 head. Sales at 13 to 13¾ cents per pound for Prime to Extra; 11¾ to 12¾ cents for Ordinary to Good; 10¼ to 11¾ cents for Common to Medium; 7 to 8 cents for very poor; 7 to 10 cents for Texans.

Milch Cows—Quiet at $30 to $70 per head. Receipts 53.

Veal Calves.—Receipts 2,423. Values 7 to 9 cts. per pound, with some Extras at 9¼ to 9½ cts. Grass Calves $5.50 to $10 per head. Quality generally better than last week.

Sheep and Lambs.—Arrived 23,992. Sales at 5 to 6¾ cts. per pound for Poor to Prime; 7 to 7¾ for Extras. Lambs 7 to 10 cts. per pound.

Swine.—Receipts 34,860. Held at 5 to 5¼ cts. per pound. Dressed Hogs 6¾ to 6¾ cts. Light Pigs 6¾ cts.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Monday Evening, Aug. 26th, 1872.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to The Independent (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, D	12	Wamsutta	9
Cocheco, L	11½	Garner & Co	11
Sprague	11½	Arnold	10
Pacific	11½	Hamilton	11½
American	11½	Richmond	11½
Dunnell	11½	Gloucester	11½
Allens	11½	Mourning	11½
Manchester	11½	Oriental	12½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	14	Roanoke	12½
Hartford	12¼	Glasgow	13½

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pepperell, B	14
Lawrence, D	14	" H	13
" E	13½	" N	11
" H	12½	" O	10
" L	11½	" R	8½
" M	9¾	" S	27¾
Pacific, Extra	11